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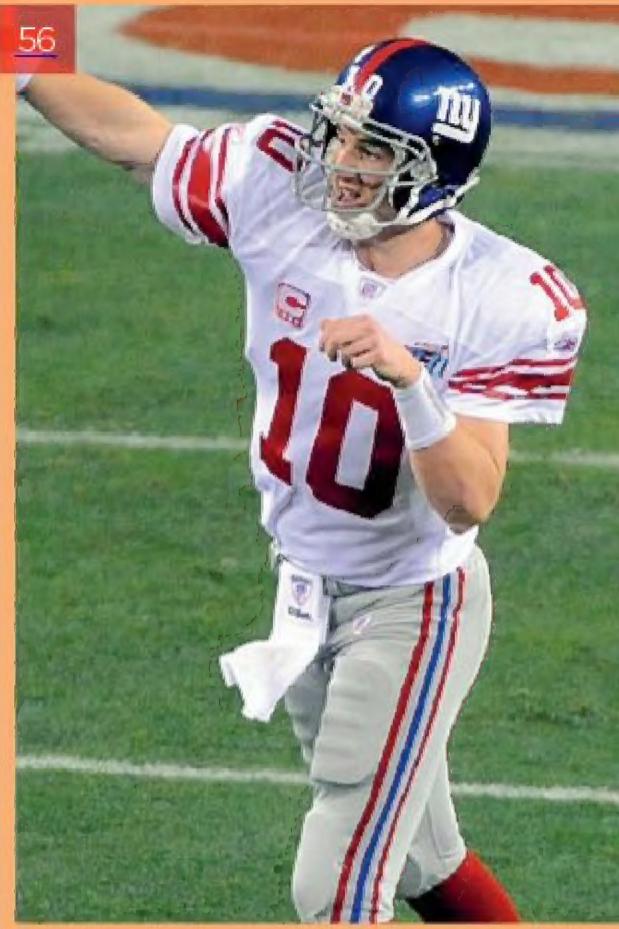
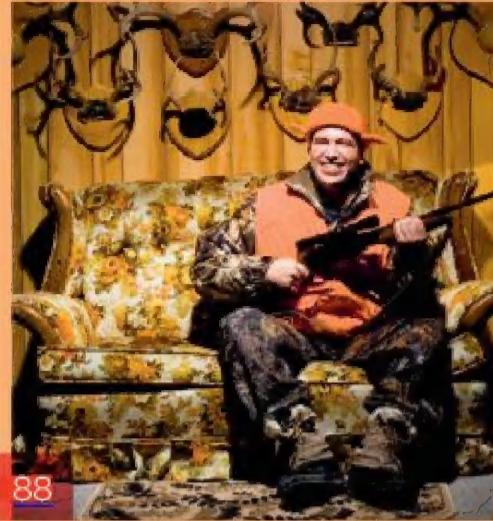
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Role Play

My girlfriend Melanie and I always enjoy trying crazy things in the bedroom, but after only a couple of months, it seemed as if we'd run out of ideas. Then one night, Melanie texted me, saying she'd come up with something special to spice up our relationship. She provided a few details and told me to meet her at midnight on a street near her house—"With cash," she added. I could only guess what she had in store.

When I drove up, the street was dark, illuminated by a single street-light. Then a tall, slinky figure stepped out of the shadows, wearing a short skirt, a tube top, and fuck-me heels. The dim light made it difficult to recognize her, but the long legs, small waist, and full breasts, which I had so often sucked, gave her away.

"Hey," I called out, as I pulled to the curb, eager to play my role. "How much for 20 minutes?" I asked, not

As soon as I joined her, she got on her knees, unbuckled my belt, and pulled my dick out of my boxers.

giving her a chance to ask if I was looking for a good time.

"Twenty, and you can do anything you want," she said confidently. "But I want to see the cash first."

Smiling, I flashed her a 20. She took it and made it disappear into her cleavage. Then she opened the door and took her time getting in, flashing lots of leg and her bare pussy. When I reached for her tits, she said, "Not here. I know a quiet place."

Her directions led us beyond the city limits. All during the ride, she stroked my cock and massaged my balls through my jeans, making my

already hard cock even stiffer. By the time we arrived at her quiet place, she was climbing into the back of my van. As soon as I joined her, she got on her knees, unbuckled my belt, and pulled my dick out of my boxers. Then she brought me to my knees, made me sit back, and slathered her tongue all over the head of my cock before taking it into her hot mouth.

It was almost too much and I thought I was going to come right then and there. I busied myself by sliding a hand up her skirt and working my fingers in and out of her wet snatch while palming her tits with the other. It wasn't long before she moaned and I felt her hot climax all over my fingers.

Then she squeezed my cock and started jerking me off, taunting me, talking trash the entire time by saying, "I bet your girlfriend never did it this good! I bet she couldn't get you this hard! I bet she wouldn't do anything for you!"

I didn't know what to say, but I didn't want her to stop what she was doing, so I played along.

"Yeah," I said. "She's never even let me come in her mouth."

She smiled and said, "Maybe I can make that happen for you if you show me another 20!"

I reached frantically for my wallet and gave her the extra money. She stuffed the bills in her cleavage, then lowered her mouth to my cock again, taking me even deeper than she had the first time. I felt my cock at the back of her throat when her head bobbed up and down. Then she held it there and I couldn't hold out any longer. I exploded, releasing shot after shot of come. She swallowed all of it, then licked my cock clean.

Afterward, I offered to drive her home, but she insisted I let her off where I'd picked her up. When she got out of the van, I told her we should do it again sometime. Without saying a word, she reached into her cleavage and handed me my cash back. After she had closed the door and the sound of her clicking heels had faded away, I counted the bills in my hand—there were only two fives and a ten! I didn't care, though. I considered it money well spent!—E.C., Canada

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BIRTHDAY GIRLS

It was my birthday, and my parents had planned a big dinner to cheer me up since my boyfriend was away at school. It was nice, but I was totally bored and couldn't wait for all the relatives to leave. Knowing my friend Anita would be staying over afterward was the only thing that kept me going. Anita and I had always been friends. We'd had sleepovers when we were kids and spent all night talking and laughing. As teens, we'd stay up gossiping and comparing notes about boys. We'd even experimented a little by practicing our kissing techniques on each other. On occasion those learning sessions had become quite heated, and although we'd come close, Anita and I never actually had sex. When she'd gone away to college, we didn't see each other as much, so I was glad she'd been able to come home for the weekend. I'd missed her and I had a gut feeling that things would be a little different.

When Anita first arrived, she said she had a few surprises for me. She

wouldn't elaborate, but I could hardly wait until we were alone. After dinner, she grabbed my hand and took me upstairs. Once in my room, she locked the door and dimmed the light.

"Okay, are you ready or what?" she asked as she unzipped her backpack. "Close your eyes."

I heard her take something out of her bag. "Okay, here's the first surprise of the night."

I opened my eyes and almost came just looking at her. All she had on was a little pink shirt and lacy panties, and she was holding a bottle of peach schnapps with a bow on it. "Oh, my favorite!" I said.

Anita took the first swig. "Your turn," she said, passing it to me. I put the bottle to my lips and took a sip as she asked, "Don't you wish you had your boyfriend's hard cock in your mouth instead of a bottle?"

My only experience was with my boyfriend doing me, so going with what I liked, I did my best to make Anita feel good.

I looked at her as I licked the sweet taste off my lips. "No, not a cock—but I can think of something else I'd like in my mouth."

She smiled knowingly, leaned close, and said, "I think I know what you mean." I really hoped she did. I wanted to kiss her, lick the peach schnapps from her lips, then go down on her and eat her pussy. "I know you've wanted to fuck me," she said. Then she stepped back and took off her top. Her tits were firm and round.

"God, you're beautiful," I said. I quickly undressed and stepped out of my panties. "I've wanted to taste you forever." The next thing I knew, we were on my bed, whispering and touching each other.

"That feels so good," I moaned as she gently rubbed my slit and pinched my erect nipples.

"You're all wet, girl, and you're making me all wet, too!" she said, as she rubbed my clit slowly, making little circles till I thought I was going to explode! Then she finger-fucked me and we kissed deeply, sucking on each other's tongue.

When we came up for air, I said, "I have to taste you." She spread her legs and pulled my head down to where I had only dreamed of going. My only experience was with my boyfriend doing me, so I always had to tell him what felt good. Going with what I knew and liked, I did my best to make Anita feel good. I loved the way she tasted and reacted, writhing around and moaning under me. I licked and sucked on her clit, and finger-fucked her tight twat.

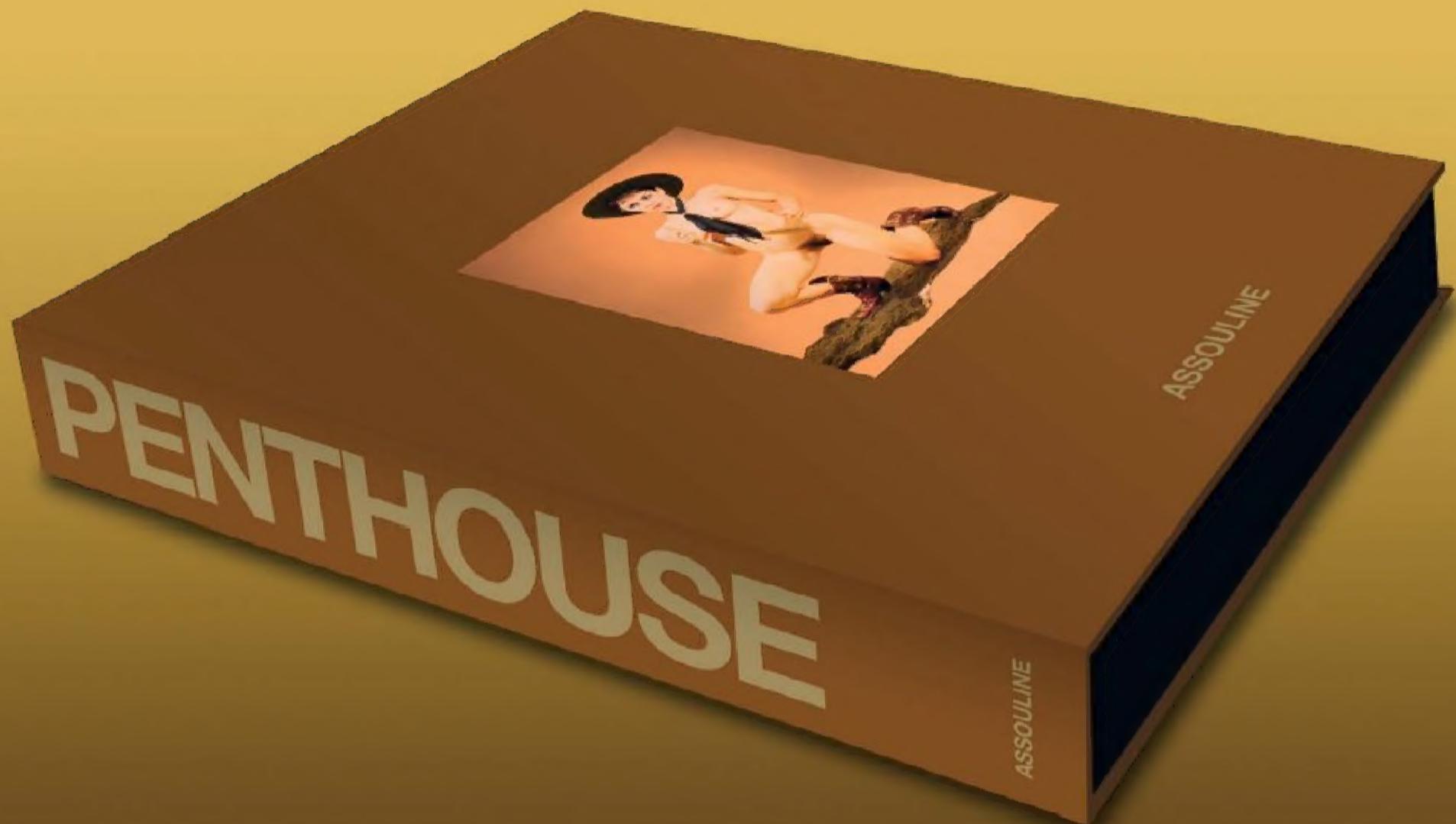
"Don't stop!" she hissed. "I'm so close." Then she let out a deep moan and climaxed on my tongue. I kept licking her as if she were the best ice-cream cone I had ever tasted, and she kept moaning and saying that she'd never been eaten out like that before.

When she relaxed, she drew my face up to hers, and we kissed as she ran her hands up and down my body. "Happy birthday, baby. I hope this is the first of many celebrations between us!"

Now, every time I think about Anita, I get all wet. It's great having her as a friend. We still see guys, but we also have girls' night just for us. It's cool because any night can be girls' night. One of us just has to call and it's on!—D.E., Michigan

More letters on page 140

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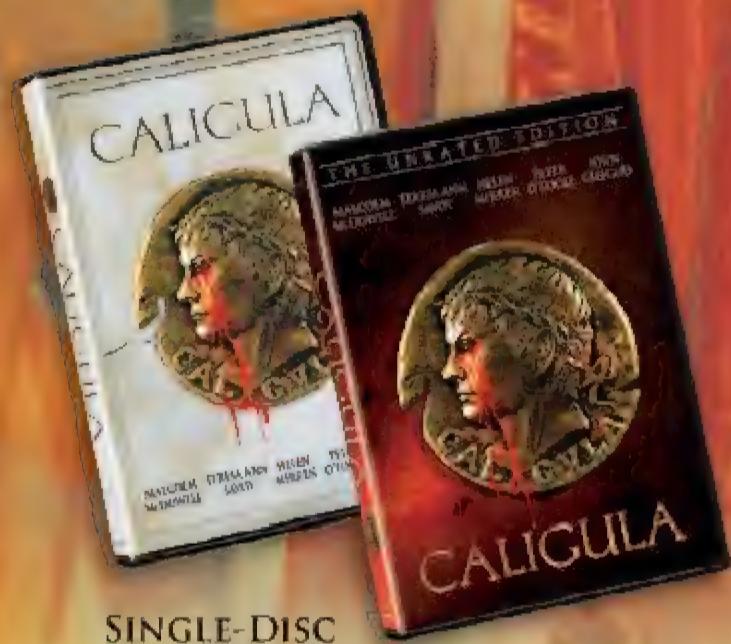
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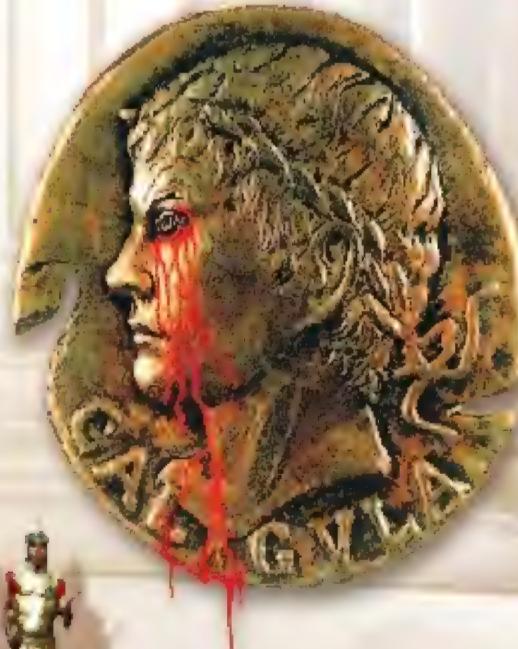
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You've Got to Have Faith

Buffy alum Eliza Dushku will always be Faith to us. Who could ever forget her ass-kicking, leather-clad bad-girl slayer? And how could we ever love her more? Well, in her upcoming show, she does whatever she's told. So, about that whole life-imitating-art thing... where do we sign up?

Sadly, Fox is making us wait till January to see Dushku in a role that was written to showcase all her, um, talents, but we'll jump on any excuse to put her on these pages.

DOLLHOUSE

The Backstory: Hot girls and guys have their personalities wiped clean and are implanted with new personae at the whim of their rich clients. Only a cast this smoking could get us excited about a show that's been described by its creator as a search for the soul. **The Elevator Pitch:** *The Stepford Buffies*. **The Good:** *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* creator Joss Whedon is reunited with ultrasexy star Eliza Dushku. **The Bad:** There is no bad here. **The Verdict:** Are there action figures available for preorder?

Same As It Ever Was

Vampires! Madscientists! Time-traveling cops! Did the writer's strike throw the fall TV season into chaos, or did it inspire the most creative crop of new shows ever? These all made the cut; you be the judge.

By Julie Foster



DON'T DISTURB

Fox

The Backstory: The staff of New York's hippest hotel is as intent on social climbing as it is on pleasing its celebrity clientele.

The Elevator Pitch: *The Devil Wears Prada and Runs a Hotel*.

The Good: We love stars Jerry O'Connell (*Crossing Jordan*) and Niecy Nash (*Reno 911!*).

The Bad: It could be another formulaic comedy whose elevator doesn't reach the top floor.

The Verdict: We predict a short stay and an early checkout.



FRINGE

Fox

The Backstory: A sexy FBI agent enlists the help of a madscientist and his genius son to unravel paranormal mysteries.

The Elevator Pitch: *The X-Files* meets *The Twilight Zone*.

The Good: Spooky mysteries, breakout stars, and golden-boy producer J. J. Abrams (*Lost*).

The Bad: With the new *X-Files* movie out this summer, true believers might decide they prefer the original to an imitation.

The Verdict: If this show isn't a huge hit, we'll need a conspiracy theory to explain why.

MY OWN WORST ENEMY

NBC

The Backstory: Suburban businessman Henry Spivey (Christian Slater) discovers he's had a double life as a secret agent that he couldn't remember ... until now.

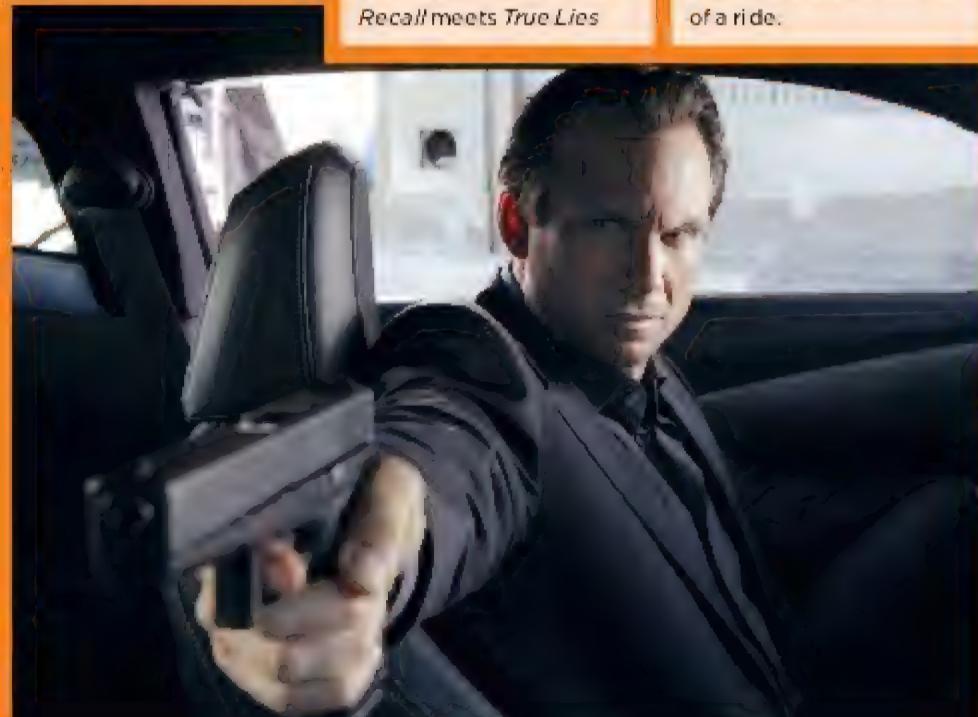
The Elevator Pitch: *Total Recall* meets *True Lies*

with an *Alien* twist.

The Good: Christian Slater! Spies! Dual personalities! Action sequences!

The Bad: Sounds like a great movie, but can the premise sustain a series?

The Verdict: Intel indicates we're in for one hell of a ride.



GARY UNMARRIED

Fox

The Backstory: A guy discovers that his ex is marrying their marriage counselor (ouch!), so he starts dating again.

The Elevator Pitch: *Divorce, Millennium-Style*.

The Good: Likable stars Jay Mohr (*Action, Jerry Maguire*) and Paula Marshall (*Nip/Tuck*).

The Bad: Yawn. Another run-of-the-mill family sitcom.

The Verdict: We're uncommitted for now.

WORST WEEK

CBS

The Backstory: Sam Briggs is a disaster magnet destroying everything in his path as he tries to win over his fiancée's parents. **The Elevator Pitch:** *Meet the Parents* meets *Murphy's Law*. **The Good:** The accident-prone hero could bring some laughs. **The Bad:** The show is built on a one-note joke that will get old fast. **The Verdict:** Proceed at your own risk.

LIFE ON MARS

ABC

The Backstory: A car crash transports a cop back to 1973. Is it real, or is he crazy? **The Elevator Pitch:** *Law and Order* takes a *Quantum Leap* into *I Love the '70s*. **The Good:** Cool premise; groovy visuals; seventies nostalgia. **The Bad:** Gags about leisure suits and disco could be a buzzkill. **The Verdict:** Remakes of BBC shows are risky, but we're hoping for *Office*-style success.

ELEVENTH HOUR

CBS

The Backstory: A quirky biophysicist is the government's go-to guy for investigating scientific oddities. **The Elevator Pitch:** *Monk* researches *Weird Science*. **The Good:** An enviable *CSI* lead-in and powerhouse producer Jerry Bruckheimer. **The Bad:** We could drive a truck through the holes in the pilot's grisly plot. **The Verdict:** We predict eleventh-hour retooling and early cancellation.

THE MENTALIST

CBS

The Backstory: A free-wheeling investigator (who used to pose as a psychic medium) uses his keen observational skills to crack cases. **The Elevator Pitch:** *Psych* meets the team from *CSI*. **The Good:** A strong ensemble cast and solid writing. **The Bad:** Isn't this show already on USA? **The Verdict:** Outlook hazy. Ask again later.

SONS OF ANARCHY

FX

The Backstory: An outlaw motorcycle club battles encroaching drug dealers and land developers for survival. **The Elevator Pitch:** *The Shield* run by Harley-riding badasses. **The Good:** An outstanding cast led by Kaley Cuoco; a truly unique premise. **The Bad:** It's unclear whether or not audiences will connect with the unusual concept. **The Verdict:** We hope it's the cable sleeper hit of the season.



TRUE BLOOD

HBO

The Backstory: Vampires and humans coexist somewhat peacefully, thanks to the invention of synthetic blood. **The Elevator Pitch:** *Twilight* and *Angel* fight the politics of fear. **The Good:** Producer Alan Ball slayed the critics with *Six Feet Under*. **The Bad:** He might have more trouble sinking his teeth into the undead. **The Verdict:** Vampires, yay! It could be a hit. Let's hope HBO didn't exhaust the patience of 120,000 or so potential fans with inescapable hype at the San Diego Comic-Con.



AMERICA'S TOUGHEST JOBS

NBC

The Backstory: Ordinary people work jobs from logging to oil drilling to ice-truck driving for cash prizes; only the toughest survive. **The Elevator Pitch:** *Dirty Jobs* with a competitive-

reality-show twist.

The Good: Could be fun to watch Joe Schmo play *Deadliest Catch*. **The Bad:** The airwaves are saturated with reality shows; do we need another? **The Verdict:** As long as we don't have to clean up roadkill, we're game.

REVIEWS



Eat, Pray, Fuck

Fight Club scribe Chuck Palahniuk's *Choke* hits the big screen—with a sex-crazed smack.

By Joshua Rothkopf

Sure, we loved *Fight Club*. But it isn't exactly a viable lifestyle unless you've got really good health insurance. Although it's fairly easy to picture novelist Chuck Palahniuk giving it a go—he has disturbed ideas to spare. Take his post-*FC* book *Choke*, now an outrageous and delightfully dirty movie. The plot follows Victor (Joshua's

perpetually brilliant Sam Rockwell), a con man and sex addict. His ailing mother, lost in a mental fog, doesn't recognize him anymore. In order to pay her nursing-home bills, Victor lodges food in his throat at restaurants, luring Good Samaritans into acts of Heimlich

heroism and financial scams. It hardly seems enough to hang a movie on, yet director/adapter Clark Gregg has done exactly that, beefing up the supporting roles and the savage laughs. The sex, often dispirited and lackadaisical (but never less than hilarious), happens in a church, a plane, and in a colonial town's goat barn. Just be sure to eat beforehand.



SEX DRIVE

James Marsden, Amanda Crew, Seth Green It's hard not to admire a movie that desperately wants to be in a class with raunchy teen comedies like *American Pie* and *Superbad*. That's a noble ambition, after all. Unfortunately, this is less a worthy addition to the genre than it is a patchwork of signature moments lifted from its

predecessors. The story moves along amiably enough, with a little *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* here, a dollop of *Road Trip* there, and a huge helping of *The Sure Thing*, but it's uneven, and the seams show. Still, *Sex Drive* does have its moments, and a solid cast, including a dickisholder brother (Marsden), a charming

female lead (Crew), and a wildly improbable lothario (Clark Duke, of *ClarkandMichael.com* fame). Green nearly saves the movie as an Amish fellow with an overdeveloped sense of sarcasm and a preternatural ability to repair vintage muscle cars. *Sex Drive* doesn't quite reach its destination, but you'll have some fun watching it try.—John Bolster

NICK AND NORAH'S INFINITE PLAYLIST

Michael Cera, Kat Dennings, Ari Graynor This insipid film squanders the considerable charms of its two leads, Cera (*Superbad*) and Dennings (*The 40-Year-Old Virgin*), by stranding them in a surprisingly lifeless (not very) romantic comedy

about two teens falling in love during the course of one "crazy" night in Manhattan. Except that nothing particularly crazy happens, the stars don't have much chemistry, and the story's all-night quest fizzles in an offscreen resolution that gives new meaning to the term *anticlimax*. The script evokes the names of the Dashiell Hammett icons Nick and Nora Charles (memorably played by William Powell and Myrna Loy in the *Thin Man* film series), but it fails to deliver anything like the witty banter that duo was famous for, and also steers clear, for the most part, of any memorable incidents, despite cameos by *Saturday Night Live* cast members Seth Myers and Andy Samberg. Otherwise, it's awesome! —J.B.



Avax Home - Music: 3 new items

Gary Stadler - Stephannie - Fairy Heart Magic
VA - Brahms, Reger, Febel - Choral Preludes
Inhnu - Cash In San Quentin Prison Video

**EAGLE EYE**

Shia LaBeouf, Michelle Monaghan, Billy Bob Thornton, Rosario Dawson
One huge *Indy* sequel later, the Shia train keeps on rolling. But is all this "star of tomorrow" talk slightly premature? It's not that LaBeouf isn't charming, self-deprecating, and extremely serious. It's just that his perfect role hasn't materialized yet—and honestly, we went to see *Transformers* for the robots. (Okay, and Megan Fox.) *Eagle Eye* could erase our doubts. A paranoid thriller in line with last spring's *Disturbia*, the movie stars LaBeouf as—in classic Hitchcock ter-

minology—the wrong man: a slacker implicated in a terrorist assassination plot. Dawson and Thornton play the good cop and bad cop, respectively. LaBeouf is a resourceful screen presence, and the idea of his character surviving on his wits alone could yield something approaching greatness. More crucially, he's teamed with mega-hottie Monaghan (*Gone Baby Gone*), for years our pick to be the real star of tomorrow. This could be her moment, too.

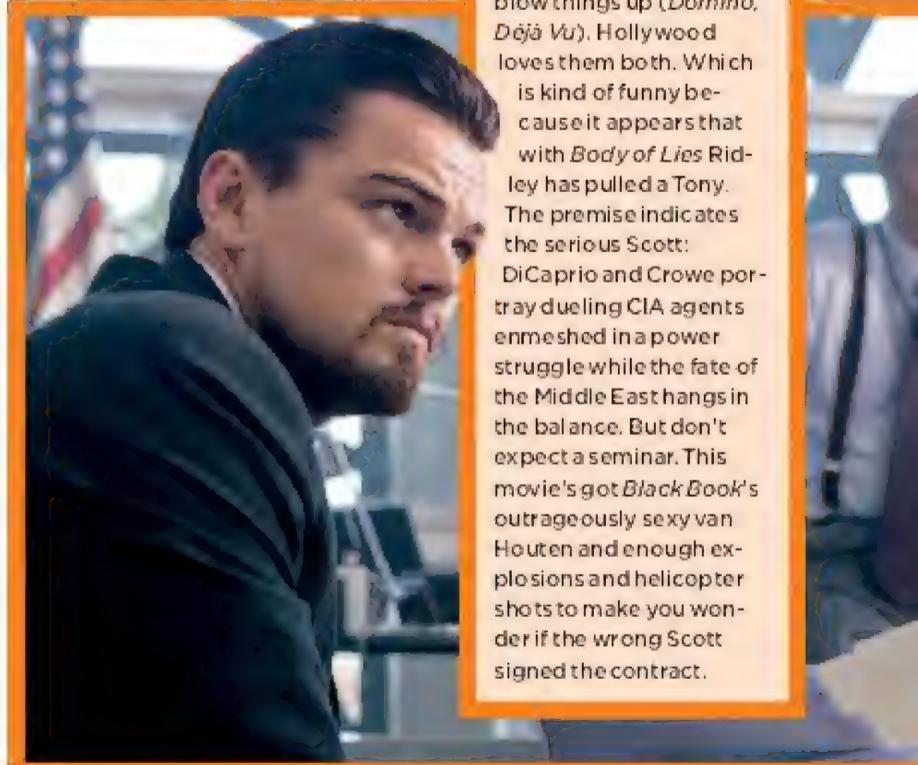
MIRACLE AT ST. ANNA

Derek Luke, Michael Ealy, John Leguizamo, John Turturro
When he's not feuding with Clint Eastwood, Spike Lee actually makes films—good ones, even. Spike edges in on Greatest Generation territory with his latest, a historical re-creation of the famous Tuscan WWII battle fought by members of the 92nd Infantry, the all-black division that, by most accounts, acted heroically to save local lives. If we're to believe the title, this will be another one of those accounts.

But a Spike Lee movie without controversy is like *Dirty Harry* without a piece. Thus, some Italian survivors have raised eyebrows at the prospect of sentimental revisionism, and Spike has rebutted in defense. No matter. You'll want to check out this film for its heartfelt salute to American fighting men exploited by their own cause. And honestly, we're convinced that Spike and Clint should collaborate next time, maybe on a Western. Just make sure those guns have blanks.

BODY OF LIES

Leonardo DiCaprio, Russell Crowe, Carice van Houten
Brothers and filmmakers Ridley and Tony Scott never met a fog machine they didn't like. Typically, the two Brits make different kinds of movies. Ridley favors epic grandeur (*Gladiator*, *Blade Runner*) and occasionally reaches for social significance (*American Gangster*). Tony likes to blow things up (*Domino*, *Djøj Vu*). Hollywood loves them both. Which is kind of funny because it appears that with *Body of Lies* Ridley has pulled a Tony. The premise indicates the serious Scott: DiCaprio and Crowe portray dueling CIA agents enmeshed in a power struggle while the fate of the Middle East hangs in the balance. But don't expect a seminar. This movie's got *Black Book*'s outrageously sexy van Houten and enough explosions and helicopter shots to make you wonder if the wrong Scott signed the contract.



REVIEWS BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON



Scare Yourself Silly

This Halloween, there's no shortage of ghosts, gore, and gut-busting humor.

Fans of Italian horror flicks have a special place in their hearts for director Dario Argento, and with good reason. His pictures are stylized, atmospheric, and bloody. *Mother of Tears* is the final piece of his "Three Mothers" trilogy about diabolical witches intent on destroying mankind, and it's full of Argento's signature blend of suspense, mystery, and violence. Oh, and his daughter, the lust-worthy Asia Argento, stars as the American art student who has to fight the bitchy witch and her followers.

Buried Alive began as an interactive web series at FearNet.com; now it hits the big time, in a manner of speaking, as a direct-to-DVD feature film. A number of young, attractive people have been, yes, buried alive, and our sibling heroes have to piece together clues from footage and hidden online diaries to find the coffins. The only bonus features are a commentary track and one featurette.

Ghost House Underground is a new collection of eight movies handpicked by iconic horror filmmakers Sam Raimi and Rob Tapert. They found a

little something for everyone, including zombies bloodying up the prom (the South by Southwest hit *Dance of the Dead*), a creature attack in a hospital (*Dark Floors*), really sadistic bullies bent on torture (*Last House in the Woods*), vampires (*Brotherhood of Blood*), a deformed psycho in the subway (*Trackman*), a ghost wreaking havoc (*Room 205*), the fire-wielding Reeker (*No Man's Land*), and even an alien teacher (*The Substitute*). Each film is also available individually, and includes bonuses.

The Omen is arguably the creepiest seventies horror hit (no disrespect to the scariest, *The Exorcist*). The Blu-ray release of this story of the devil taking the form of a young boy includes a new interview with director Richard Donner, a commentary track by film historians, and a trivia track. It's also available in a four-movie box set with its two sequels and the 2006 remake.

Speaking of evil in seemingly innocent places, let's talk *Child's Play*, about a serial killer trapped in—and killing people through—a doll. Who among us never woke up as a kid convinced his toys were going to attack? And while the filmmakers had not yet fully embraced the camp, as they did in *Bride of Chucky*, this is great

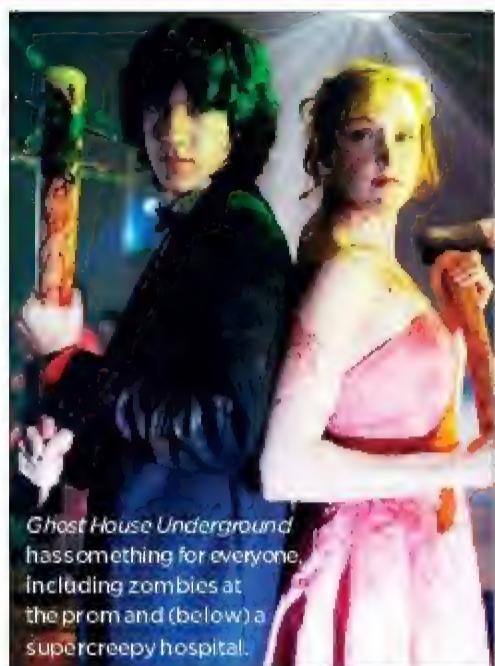


Mother of Tears is full of Dario Argento's signature blend of suspense, mystery, and violence. Oh, and the lust-worthy Asia Argento. To see what's up with this guy, check out the movie.

Halloween fare. The 20th Anniversary Edition boasts "vintage" featurettes, new interviews, and scene commentary from Chucky himself.

Two of our favorite comedies came from directors at the top of their game. *Beetlejuice*, Tim Burton's gorgeous and groundbreaking 1988 instant classic, is hilarious. Hey, don't take our word for it; it's one of the American Film Institute's 100 funniest movies of all time. Yet it still has a couple of genuine made-you-jump moments, plus Michael Keaton outshining pretty much every other performance he's ever given. The 20th Anniversary Deluxe Edition includes three episodes of the subsequent animated series; pop for the Blu-ray release—the effects look amazing.

Young Frankenstein sprang from the dirty mind of Mel Brooks, with a screenwriting assist from star Gene Wilder, and it's full of raunchy jokes, slapstick humor, and, yes, a tap-dancing monster. The Blu-ray disc has bonus material from previous releases, as well as new picture-in-picture interviews, a trivia track, and interactive features.



Ghost House Underground has something for everyone, including zombies at the prom and (below) a supercreepy hospital.



High-def Update

We've got fanboy fever now that Paramount is putting *Transformers* on Blu-ray. We'll also be looking for these:

- *Carrie*
- *The Godfather: The Coppola Restoration*
- *Cool Hand Luke*
- *L.A. Confidential*
- *Blow*
- *Risky Business*

REVIEW

IRON MAN

The Plot: This tale of a rich tech genius who is forced to develop a real power suit goes beyond the typical superhero flick, courtesy of its star, Robert Downey Jr. He deftly captures Tony Stark's player 'tude, then offers up a brilliant and snarky turn as the ultimate reluctant hero. **Buy or Rent?** Buy. In fact, now that Paramount has embraced the Blu-ray format (see our High-def Update), it's time for you to get on board as well. **Added Value?** Like you wouldn't believe: a six-part origins featurette, a seven-part making-of doc, a visual-effects featurette, even Downey Jr.'s screen test. The Blu-ray disc includes a "hall of armor" featurette and a Blu-ray Live feature that allows you to select a clip, make up a multiple-choice test about it, and pit yourself against other fans.



Small-Screen Sensations

Catch up on highlights from last year's abbreviated season... when you're done with all the extras on *Lost*.

Terminator: The Sarah Connor Chronicles

The Complete First Season includes all nine episodes and more than four hours of bonus features. So that's about two hours of bonuses for every three hours of the show. Sounds like the studio knows how obsessive *Terminator* fans can be.

The Office / How I Met Your Mother / My Name Is Earl / 30 Rock

Ryan the temp was the new boss, Ted's search for Ms. Right began anew (and Barney was still awesome), Earl was back in prison, and the turmoil was unending at TGS. The characters had rebuilding years, but the shows—strike-shortened seasons notwithstanding—were as funny as ever.

Chuck

This show's fate rested heavily on the shoulders of its everyman hero (Zachary Levi), a computer geek turned government asset. Fortunately, Levi knocks it out of the park, and he's surrounded by a colorful and entertaining supporting cast. The Complete First Season has all 13 episodes and an hour and a half of extras.

In Treatment

If you had trouble keeping up with HBO's daily therapy sessions, you'll be as glad to see this as we are. As tempting as it may be to watch each character's arc individually, resist: The doc's sessions with his own shrink won't make as much sense that way, and those are what make the series work.





Buck Wild!

Bull-fighting matadors are so ballsy they can get away with wearing pink stockings. Similarly, L.A. hard rockers Buckcherry are into butterflies—you got a problem with that?

When Buckcherry disbanded in 2002, we thought we had sadly seen the last of them. But they roared back four years later with *75* and its sizzling single "Crazy Bitch." After a long summer spent touring with Mötley Crüe, they're ready to release a new record of fist-pumping anthems, *Black Butterfly*. Lead singer Josh Todd took a break from screwing groupies (okay, not really) to answer our burning questions.

Was Mötley Crüe one of the wildest bands you've shared a tour with?
No. I'm sure they were in their prime, but they're older guys now. They've been pretty mellow, actually.

Well then, what tour has lived up to the hype?
The Kid Rock tour was pretty crazy.

There were a lot of after-show parties, naked people.... It was fun.

Please tell us you don't mean a naked Kid Rock.

No. I never saw him naked. Mostly females.

Phew. Why is the new album named *Black Butterfly*?

It was a song that didn't make the record. [Guitarist] Keith came up with it and I thought, from an image standpoint, it would be great. Also, I have a butterfly fetish. I love butterflies. I have a few tattooed on me, so it just seemed right.

Butterflies? Does that fit with your rocker image?

"If it wasn't for real-life documenting of humans fucking in the wild, how would you figure it out?"

I think butterflies are bitchin'-looking. They have great markings, and the fact that they go from a worm into a cocoon and blossom into this beautiful thing is like Buckcherry coming from being the black sheep of the music industry.

What was the hardest part of your time away from the spotlight?

Reinventing yourself. Actually, that's a lot of fun, but it's still hard because you're second-guessing yourself along the way. One of the hardest things for me to do was to get a job. I was broke at one point. After we had been on Woodstock '99, traveled the world, and played with our heroes, to go back and work a hard-labor gig in the valley of Southern California was really humbling. We were all working day jobs while we were making *75*.

What did you do?

I built airplanes for movie sets. It was fun, but it was a lot of physical labor and long days. I would do vocal scales on the way home from work and go sing in my closet just to keep my voice up. That's how I kept it together. I started writing songs when I got off work, and slowly pieced it together.

On the new album, there's a song called "Too Drunk..." Have you ever been the guy who got too drunk to have sex with the hot girl?

Oh, many times. That was me! I was a blackout drinker from the start. I was always the first one to get fucked up and the first one to pass out.

You've joked about getting a sponsorship from Viagra. Have you ever tried the drug recreationally? Of course. I tried Viagra and hated it. It gave me headaches. It would take me forever to blow a load, so I wasn't into that. I tried half a Cialis once, and that was perfect. I really enjoyed that. It's good if you're supertired and you just want to put on a good show [in bed].

We'll try to remember that.

You can fucking nut on Cialis, and it feels like you're 18. It's nice. You don't have a fucking raging hard-on for four hours. I don't think any dude wants that. I want to have an orgasm just like everyone else. Listen, I get my girl to come, I come, and I'm done. I want to get down to eating a bowl of fucking Lucky Charms and watching movies.

You're married now. How does that change the groupie experience?

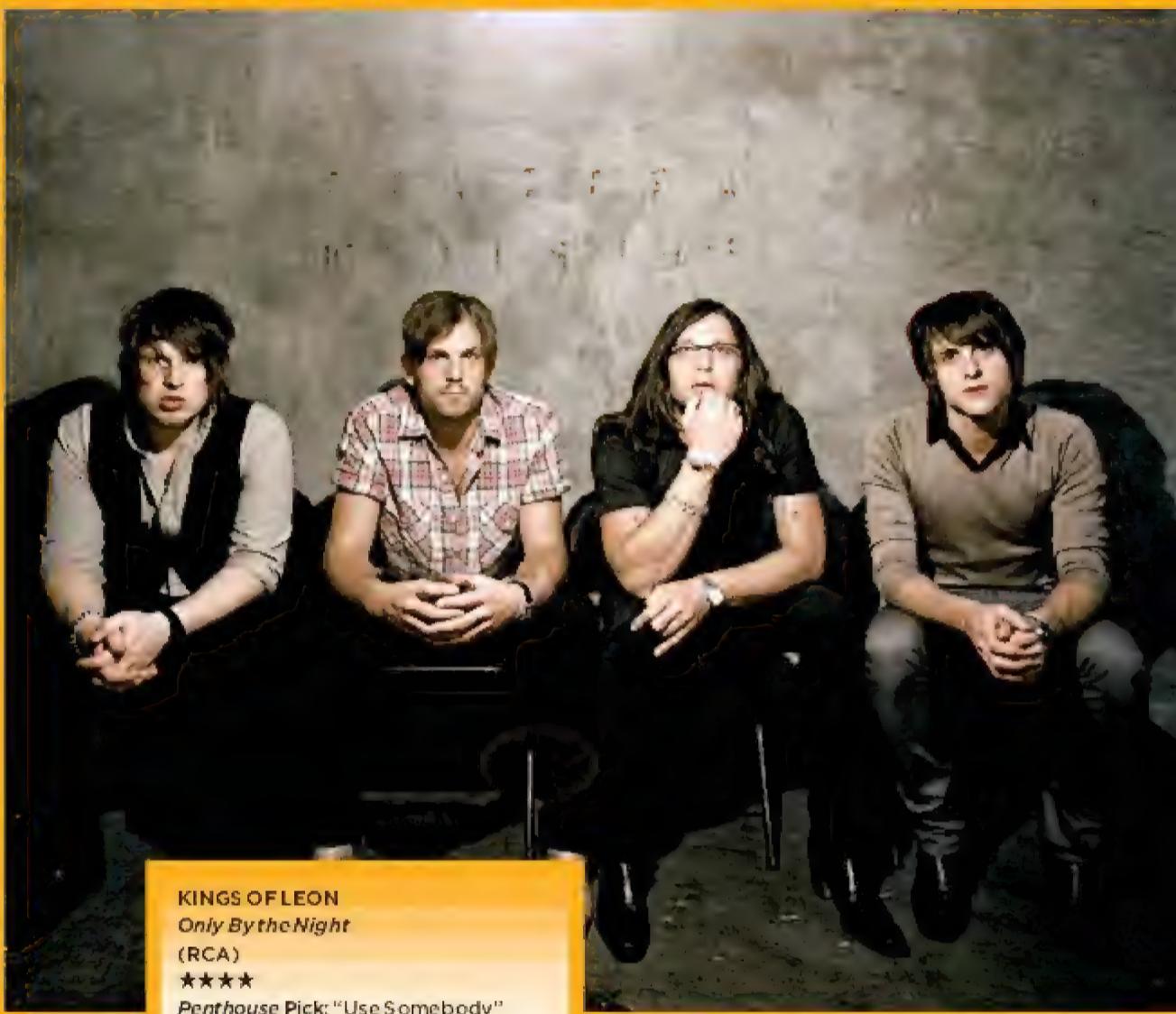
I try to stay away from all that. I'm much older now, and I've toured so much, it's a different routine. But they're always there, they always come back around, and they provide a great service. It gets lonely out here, you know?

On Buckcherry's early album *Time Bomb*, there is a song called "Porno Star." What's up with that? It seems like it could be an anti-porn song. [Laughs] I wasn't going for that, but there is that line "hard-cock suicide." I was watching a documentary on this porn star's life. I put myself in his shoes and wrote the song. But no, it's definitely not a song dissing porn. It's a celebration of what porn has done for all of us. That's how I learned how to go down on a chick; learned how to try different positions and everything. If it wasn't for real-life documenting of humans fucking in the wild, how would you figure it out?

MAIN STAGE // BY ANDY GREENWALD

The Royal Treatment

All hail the latest creation of once and future indie-rock rulers Kings of Leon!



KINGS OF LEON

Only By the Night

(RCA)

★★★

Penthouse Pick: "Use Somebody"

A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY

Youth and Young Manhood

RCA (2003)

Brash, grimy, and rollicking good fun; you can practically smell the sawdust and stale beer on the band's full-length debut.

Penthouse Pick: "California Waiting"

Aha Shake Heartbreak

RCA (2005)

This woozier and bluesier breakout album made the Followills tabloid fodder in the U.K.

Penthouse Pick: "King of the Rodeo"

Because of the Times

RCA (2007)

Country mice go city: The family band gave these recordings a glossy sheen and occasional U2-styled guitar licks.

Penthouse Pick: "McFearless"

Most bands find what works and stick with it on album after album. (Hello, Rolling Stones!) Not so Kings of Leon. Once a kind of Lynyrd Skynyrd for the alternative set, the Tennessee quartet is now moving in a very different direction. This invigorating fourth album from the three Followills (and their guitarist cousin Matthew) might be their best, precisely because it nimbly navigates around what people *think* the band is all about (countryfied boogie-woogie, hedonistic rock). It careens comfortably from the jammy paranoia of "Crawl" to the Brit-pop sheen of "Revelry." Singer Caleb has the charismatic howl of an Allman brother. On the feverish ballad, "Use Somebody," Caleb begs for company. And on the shimmery "Manhattan," he vividly catalogs a night of debauchery. The music keeps up, but it's his uniquely Southern sensitivity that makes for riveting listening.

FullFrontal SOUNDS

REVIEWS BY ANDY GREENWALD



TOM MORELLO: THE NIGHTWATCHMAN

The Fabled City
(Epic)
★★

Sound Check: Rage Against the Machine guitarist Tom Morello returns for a second somber solo offering as the Nightwatchman. **Amplification:** On the record, Morello eschews the sonic histrionics of his previous efforts and focuses instead on

the political folk that first inspired him. But, even with Serj Tankian and Shooter Jennings on board, Morello's monotonous baritone and static songwriting drag down the well-intentioned project. **Last Note:** Between recording and activism, Morello found time to play "Insurgent #5" in *Iron Man*. **Penthouse Pick:** "Saint Isabelle"



LEE ANN WOMACK

Call Me Crazy
(MCA Nashville)

★★

Sound Check: Womack burst onto the Nashville scene in the late nineties, presenting herself as a traditional antidote to the glossy, pop country that had come to dominate the town. But after the release of "I Hope You Dance," she too hit the pop charts.

Amplification: *Call Me Crazy* is a welcome return to the classic country of Womack's early career, and is filled with tasteful odes to boys, the bottle, and the inevitable broken hearts. "Last Call" in particular is a notable meditation on the perils of drunk-dialing.

Last Note: "Everything but Quits" is Womack's first collaboration with Nashville legend George Strait since their award-winning 2005 duet "Good News, Bad News." **Penthouse Pick:** "Last Call"

TERRENCE HOWARD

Shine Through It

(Columbia)

★★

Sound Check: Rising Hollywood player Terrence Howard (*Hustle & Flow*) has been nominated for an Oscar, but he claims it's music that has his heart. On his debut, he has to prove he's got what it takes or get lumped into the growing pile of unsuccessful actor-turned-singer crossovers. **Amplification:** Though

the mishmash of influences occasionally throws this record off track, Howard has a powerful, expressive tenor and has smartly assembled an all-star team of jazzy session pros, so when the songs do hit, like the flooring, theatrical opener "Beautiful," they pack a wallop.

Last Note: The honking, skronking "War" proves that it's even hard out there for a star. **Penthouse Pick:** "Sanctuary"



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NEW

FullFrontal SOUNDS

CIVET

Hell Hath No Fury
(Hellcat)

★★★

Sound Check: They're not vicious, carnivorous jungle cats, but these ladies aren't far off. This gang of four Orange County punks plays classic three-chord rock like sadists play rugby: quickly and brutally. **Amplification:** For their fourth album, the foursome landed a bigger label and a collaboration with Rancid's Tim Armstrong. The result is such scorching tracks as "Son of a Bitch" and "Ginn Tonic"—songs that are among the nastiest sonic sneers we've heard since CBGB was replaced by an upscale clothing boutique.

Last Note: The bitter-sweet "Brooklyn" is both a geography lesson ("Brooklyn—on the East Coast!") and the fastest lost-love song you'll encounter all year.

Penthouse Pick:
"All I Want"



RAY LAMONTAGNE

Gossip in the Grain
(RCA)

★★★

Sound Check: New Hampshire native LaMontagne was working at a shoe factory when he quit to pursue a career as a singer-songwriter. On his third outing, the reclusive artist has not diverged much from his original folksy template. Quality footwear will have to wait!

Amplification: LaMontagne's rumpled anachronism works beautifully on the melancholic "I Still Care for You," but aw-shucks hoedowns, such as "Hey Me, Hey Mama" —seemingly beamed in, untouched, from 1972—cross the line from homage to pastiche.

Last Note: The raucous "Meg White" is a sweetly cracked note to the White Stripes drummer.

Penthouse Pick:
"I Still Care for You"

NEXT BIG THING

BAYSIDE

Shudder
(Victory)

If the emo boom of the early aughts has mostly turned into a bust, somebody forgot to tell the tattooed dudes of Bayside. Good thing, because in the eight years since forming on their native Long Island, they've developed enough nuance

and songwriting chops to push past their pouty peers. The group's first two albums—2004's *Sirens* and *Condolences* and 2005's eponymous release—didn't venture far from standard boy-misses-girl pop-punk. But the real-life tragedy that

struck when drummer John Holahan was killed in a tour van accident in late 2005 brought the band's woes into shattering high relief. Last year's *The Walking Wounded* was a more mature effort, and this month, the band—older, wiser, and a lot less weepy—aims for the mainstream with their muscular pop-rock.



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REVIEW BY REBECCA SWANNER

Midnight Club: Los Angeles

(Rockstar) Xbox 360, PS3, PSP ★★★★

dds are you're never going to drag race on the Sunset Strip. But in the newest edition of the high-octane *Midnight Club* series, you'll be able to race to the finish line on streets that are usually jammed with road-rage-inspiring bumper-to-bumper traffic.

Rockstar's San Diego development team has faithfully re-created the City of Angels so each neighborhood has a distinct feel. Flash your headlights to start racing a rival hot rod and speed through the streets of Hollywood or Santa Monica, or along the unending web

of freeways. As you do, you're sure to recognize real-world landmarks, such as the Capitol Records Building and the giant Hollywood sign planted in the hills. (Unfortunately, you can't pull a Led Zeppelin and tear through the Chateau Marmont.)

The features here stay true to the series; you can spend forever (in a

good way) customizing everything on your Audi RS6, Lamborghini Gallardo, Ford Mustang Boss 302 ... or any of the other 40-plus cars. Trick out your ride with parts made by world-class manufacturers, and super features, such as invisibility and EMP, which shoots an electromagnetic pulse that shuts down all the surrounding vehicles. If you fuck up your car in a race, work out the dents and body blows with a quick fix that repairs everything but the surface scratches.

Gentlemen, start your insanely jacked engines!

Trick out your ride with parts made by world-class manufacturers.



REVIEWS



FRACTURE
(LucasArts)
Xbox 360, PS3
★★★
As demolition expert Jet Brody in this first-person shooter, you carry the Entrencher, a device that shifts the ground to create walls between enemies. **Rocks:** This has many features we've seen before—Earth-invading aliens, a hearty arsenal of high-tech weapons—but it keeps your adrenaline pumping nonetheless. Squashing enemies by suddenly creating a mountain underneath them and ramming them into the ceiling is a blast, if slightly sadistic. **Flops:** Does the game hold up after hours of digging holes and building dirt mounds? We're not so sure.

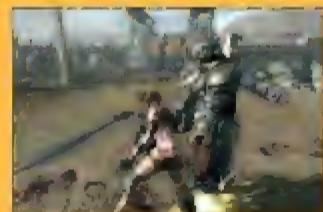


STAR WARS: THE FORCE UNLEASHED
(LucasArts)
Xbox 360, PS3, Wii
★★★★★
Sometimes being bad is really, really good. To wit: In this epic *Star Wars* title, you play Darth Vader's protégé and show those pesky Jedi who's boss. Hint: It ain't Tony Danza. **Rocks:** Using the Force to hurl objects or electrocute your enemies. Crazy awesome combo attacks. Wielding the Wii as a lightsaber (geekgasm!). Your character is more complex than he at first appears, and you'll find some exciting plot twists as you progress. **Flops:** Fans have been mumbling unhappily about the continuity and storyline because the game has multiple endings.

PREVIEWS



FABLE II
(Microsoft)
Xbox 360
The original *Fable* was supposed to be a groundbreaking open-world action role-playing game that followed a main character through his or her entire life. But the primary story was pretty short, and such games as *Oblivion* stole the show. Now creator Peter Molyneux is back for a rematch, with a title set 500 years after the original. **Rocks:** The game is more involved (and longer), there is an offline co-op mode, and you can make it much darker, depending on how wickedly you play your character. There's tons of new weaponry and sex to be had. **Flops:** No voyeur vision, as the shtupping is offscreen.



GOLDEN AXE
(Sega)
Xbox 360, PS3
When *Golden Axe* debuted in 1989, the side-scrolling action title contained plenty of gore and roaring beasts to ride. After three mostly unsuccessful sequels, the series was laid to rest. Now it's back with more mature material, featuring dismemberment and—hello!—nudity. **Rocks:** The Amazon heroine Tyris Flare is much cuter than she was when she was only eight bits. The gnomes from the original return in four different variations that you can thwack for cold hard cash. The beast quotient is high. **Flops:** The graphics aren't spectacular, we miss some of the original characters, and there's no multiplayer function.

INTERVIEW

Warrior Princess

Adrienne Wilkinson once played Xena's daughter and is now lending her very sexy voice to the upcoming game *Star Wars: The Force Unleashed*. Please say hello to every geek's walking wet dream.



You've done voice work on some of our favorite video games. Are you a gamer?

I am the world's worst video gamer. I love it, but I'm terrible. When I was growing up, we had Atari, and as a teenager, we had *Super Mario Bros.*, which I played and played and played and never rescued the princess! But my most recent obsession is the Wii. I love the belching rabbit on *Rayman Raving Rabbids*. I don't get it ... but it's hilarious.

Were you ever a major *Star Wars* dork? When the original series came out, I wasn't clamoring to see it as much as I was to see *Annie*, but I definitely got into it eventually. Now, my boyfriend is so into *Star Wars* that it borders on embarrassing. The idea of me having an action figure—it's as if he won the lottery.

So you may not be a geek, but you definitely have geek love?

We dated for a couple of years before I realized how in-depth this thing was. He had this apartment with a shelf of *Star Wars* items. And he actually had a storage facility full of the rest of his memorabilia. When he got a bigger place, the boxes just kept coming and coming, and I was like, whoa! I appreciate the sentiment, but there's got to be an end to this!

Have you ever had a crush on a *Star Wars* character?

I went straight for Han Solo! Harrison Ford just rocks my world.

Was it his bad-boy appeal that did it?

That's definitely not what I'm drawn to in my daily life, but yeah. There's something about his presence that's magnetic and überfabulous.

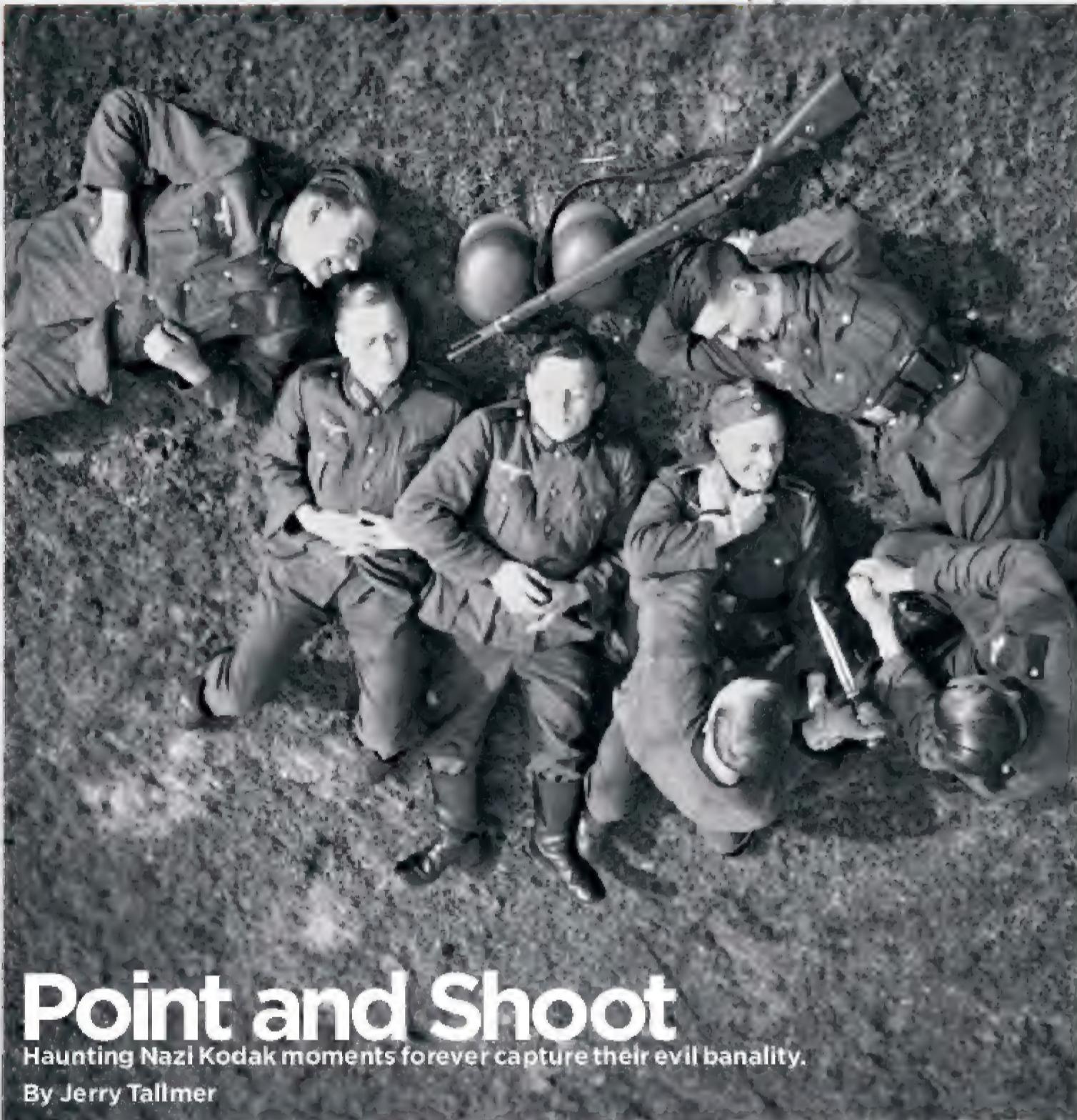
Your character, space pirate Maris Brood, is badass. What do you like most about her?

That she's a female Jedi. And then, of course, we're all visually stimulated by things, and she's incredibly muscular. The first time I saw her I said, "Oh, my God, look at my abs!"

What with the *Xena* thing and now this, we get the feeling you might be able to crack some skulls in real life.

I have had some training, but, thank God, it's always fake. Otherwise, by this point, I might be missing a limb.





Point and Shoot

Haunting Nazi Kodak moments forever capture their evil banality.

By Jerry Tallmer

It's just an ordinary snapshot, perhaps less interesting-looking than many other ordinary snapshots. It just lies there, three quarters of the way through the book. Fifty feet from the camera, some 10 or 11 weekenders—men, women, kids—wait at an unpretentious landing for the ferry that will carry them across the water to the beaches and resort in the distance.

Taking in the scene from his perch

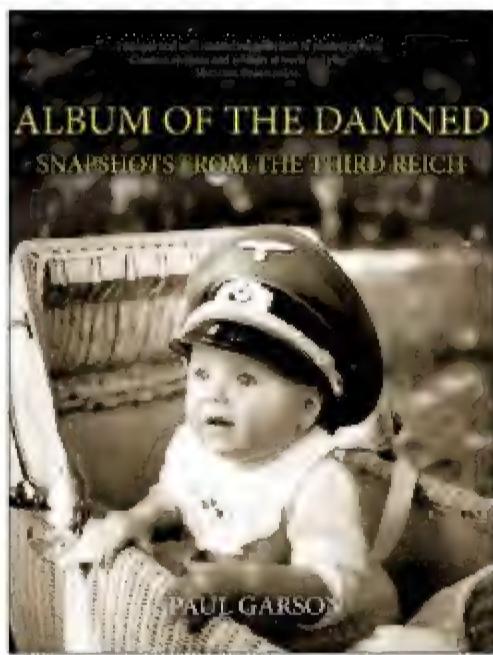
on a railing to the right is a khaki-clad soldier who perhaps asked his kamerad to dig out the Leica and nail this moment. Be sure to get in the sign, he may have said—the overhead

Wehrmacht regulars kid around—all part of the happy lives of killers who wiped out half of Europe.

lettering that indicates the ferry's destination, Wannsee, the suburban Berlin playground where, in a villa on January 10, 1942, Reinhard Heydrich, Adolf Eichmann, and other such efficiency experts took a whole hour and a half to lay out the Final Solution to the Jewish Problem.

Luncheon was served, Paul Garson dryly observes.

This is the method throughout Garson's *Album of the Damned*:



Snapshots From the Third Reich (Academy Chicago)—juxtaposition of the mundane, the trite, the banal, the sentimental, the ordinary ("ordinary people"), in image after image after image, much of it from the albums of onetime *Übermenschen* on the march, with word after word, statistic after statistic, of the totally, hideously unthinkable.

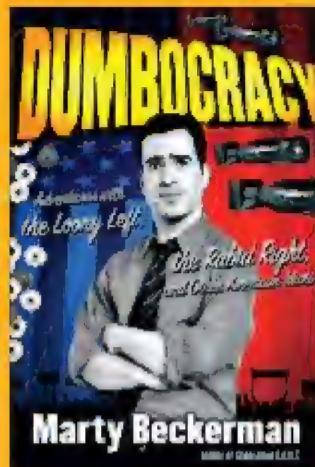
Do not look here for corpses, ovens, chimneys—they are hardly even touched upon, visually. What we do encounter is the trivia of life among the uniformed Nazis, or, if you prefer, the staples of life: weddings, family gatherings, sightseeing reminders (including, oh well, a burned-out village here and there). There are frozen-faced papas; proudly Iron

Crossed sons; Hitlerjugend teenagers looking like Boy Scouts; Wehrmacht regulars kidding around like GIs anywhere, showing off their pets, doing acrobatics on their motorcycles (plus one surreal shot of a lone steel-helmeted cyclist out ahead of the pack on an all-but-deserted autobahn). A gorgeous Katharine Hepburn look-alike is caught leaving church (it would appear) side by side with a no less handsome German officer... all part of scattered memorabilia of the happy home lives of the SS, SD, and Einsatzgruppen killers who wiped out half of Europe. And last to first among all these "carnivorous sheep" (which is what the anti-Nazi statesman Konrad Adenauer called his countrymen) is a parade of babies, babies, babies, led by the cover photo of a bibbed, baby-carriaged infant in a high-crested Nazi officer cap.

Everything is by implication—right up to the final image, the heartstopper of a child of eight or so, gender unclear, probably a little girl, swathed in rags and patches, facing down the camera in front of a dark mass that reveals itself to be the undercarriage of a cattle car.

All these photos have been "obsessively" (Garson's word) collected over the years by the writer/photographer/teacher; the words—sometimes lumpy, clumsy, repetitive—are his alone. No matter. In this book, the evil of banality leers at you from beginning to end.

REVIEWS // BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL



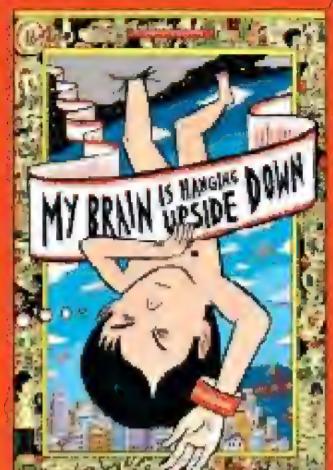
Marty Beckerman

DUMBOCRACY:
Adventures With
the Loony Left,
the Rabid Right, and
Other American Idiots
By Marty Beckerman
(Disinformation)

Twenty-five-year-old Marty Beckerman has spent several years in the trenches with the far right and the far left, and now that he's a Libertarian, he's concluded that both extremes are crazy. In *Dumbocracy* (originally titled *Retard Nation*), he takes to task everyone from Reverend Fred "God Hates Fags" Phelps to Mothers Against Drunk Driving, making some hilarious yet powerful arguments in favor of our freedom to choose—whether it's sex, drugs, or food.

Some of his targets are too easy (President Bush is referred to only as "King Retard"), and his "I have a big dick" shtick gets old, but many of his rants are on point. His arguments in favor of medical marijuana and against the war on drugs are hard to disagree with. And while Beckerman mercilessly skewers homophobic bigots, he also takes on PC academics, such as colleges that force straight students to wear stickers that read HELLO, MY NAME IS _____ AND I'M GAY! to promote diversity.

He concludes that extremists of any flavor are so caught up in their own vision, they're blind to the truth. While Beckerman sometimes crosses the line between funny and offensive, he's clearly comfortable in the territory. And if he makes young readers pay attention to politics, more power to him.



MY BRAIN IS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN
By David Heatley
(Pantheon)

David Heatley's graphic autobiography is a detailed, tightly drawn set of stories that creates a portrait of a sensitive, sometimes angry, impassioned young man struggling with sex, love, family, and social justice. In the boldest chapter, "Black History," he tries to give "an incomplete catalog of every black person I've ever known" and winds up recounting friendships, misadventures, political protests, a break-dancing interlude, and, perhaps most tellingly, an encounter with a woman on the subway who knocks him in the head with her purse. His anger finds him smashing an umbrella at home, calling her a "fucking nigger bitch" before praying for tranquility. This is an example of Heatley's unflinching honesty.

His "Sex History" does the same for his intimate life, detailing orgies, experimentation, erectile dysfunction, crushes, orgasms, compulsive masturbation, and cheating—all from a man who's now married to the first woman he slept with. This section is hilarious and poignant, filled with all the confusion so often linked to lust.

Other sections detail his relationships with his parents (including their divorce) and his brothers, fleshing out his life story. Heatley's scrupulous attention to detail, in dialogue and art, makes this a book readers of all ages will relate to and appreciate. **OH**



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2008 Pet of the Year

Andie Valentino
2007 Pet of the Year

Bree Olson
February 2008
Pet of the Month

Jessica Jaymes
August 2008
Pet of the Month

This is an entertainment service available to wireless subscribers 18 years of age and up. Available on Verizon Wireless, AT&T, Alltel, Virgin Mobile and Cricket Wireless 99¢ per message received; Cincinnati Bell \$1.99 per message received; Boost \$6.99 per month unlimited messages; Sprint & Nextel \$19.99 per month unlimited messages from our network of professional chatters and will appear on your wireless bill. Standard rate charges may apply. Unlimited chat may not apply on all carriers. Persons and models depicted may not be available for chat. To report or block chat participants who are abusive or threatening, please email us support@50760.com. Text HELP to 50760 for help or email us at support@50760.com. Text STOP to 50760 to quit. By providing your mobile number you are agreeing to receive new service marketing messages. Visit www.50760.com for more information.

PENTHOUSE
MOBILE 
MOBILE CHAT - VIDEOS - WALLPAPERS



get tailgating

Throw on the burgers, then hook the hotties with some tunes, a big-screen TV, and a gimmicky but chick-friendly cooler.

By Gary He

The start of the football season means the return of one of our most cherished pastimes: the tailgate party. Traditionally, it's a time to eat, drink, and be merry before—or during—a big game, but it's also an opportunity to outclass the other wannabe alpha males in the parking lot.

The tailgate starts at the grill, so don't show up with one of those cheap metal boxes with a rust-covered cooking surface. Also, avoid those dorky-looking units that attach to your car, unless you have a vehicle that's devoted to tailgating. (Which we recommend, by the way.) But never forget what you're really there for: the game. Go, local sports team, go!

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM ARBOGAST/GETTY IMAGES

Life on Top The Goods

WILLIAMS-SONOMA CHEF'S THERMOMETER FORK

It's hard to imagine any regular griller using one of these, but in the middle of a Green Bay winter, it can be hard to tell how much of an effect (if any) your heat source is having on the inside of the meat. Still, no one will be impressed if you whip out a meat thermometer like your mama used. This high-tech, stainless-steel fork looks cool, doubles as a grill tool, and will save you from the embarrassment of serving undercooked burgers. (\$30; Williams-Sonoma.com)

THE RC COOLER

Not only can you use this remote-controlled bucket on wheels to fish for babes, it also allows you to avoid getting up for anything short of a touchdown. It's meant to hold just one six-pack, but when it's cold enough outside to eschew the ice and throw in more beer, it's even more efficient than its inventors imagined. (\$50; RCCooler.com)

WEBER SMOKEY JOE GOLD CHARCOAL GRILL

Any grilling enthusiast will tell you that nothing beats the taste of meat cooked over charcoal. If you're planning to party with barbecue snobs, haul out this baby. The round design focuses the heat and allows for efficient cooking, despite the generous 14½-inch round cooking area. (\$40; Weber.com)

WEBER Q 100 GRILL

Don't let the small size fool you—this grill clocks in at 35 pounds and boasts a respectable 189 square inches of cooking area. The Q100 is the super-portable unit of the Weber line. It runs on standard propane tanks and assembles in just a few minutes, allowing you to get to more important things—like those hot blondes who just parked next to you. (\$149; Weber.com)



SHARP AQUOS LC-32GP3U LCD TV

If your team starts kicking ass early on this season, you might not be able to get tickets to the big game. But you can always watch it in style in the stadium parking lot. Just make sure to pack an inverter with two outlets—one for the television and one for the antenna. (Visit AntennaWeb.org to find an ATSC antenna that will work in your area.) The average car battery can run the setup for only three hours, so if the game is heading into overtime, either get your ass to a sports bar or turn the car back on. Just watch out for those toxic carbon-monoxide fumes. (\$1,600; SharpUSA.com)



Can't get tickets to the big game? You can still watch in style in the stadium parking lot.



XM XPRESS RC SATELLITE RADIO SIRIUS SPORTSTER 5 DOCK & PLAY RADIO

Satellite radio is the new tailgating essential. If you're hanging out waiting for kickoff, blast one of the dozens of music channels on either service. (Yes, Sirius acquired XM in a \$5 billion deal earlier this year, but they're still operating as separate entities.) Sirius NFL Sunday Drive includes every game, every week (and the service covers a number of college games). If you're serious about college football, though, XM is the official satellite-radio provider for the SEC, the ACC, the Pac 10, the Big Ten, the Big East, and the Big 12. That just about covers every team worth following, no? (\$140; XMRadio.com/\$270 with boom-box dock; Sirius.com)



Turbo Cab Confessions

The Porsche 911 Turbo Cabriolet shares the coupe's twin-turbocharged boxer, which produces an absurd surge of power and makes our guy feel superhuman.

By Mike Guy

The Taconic State Parkway is a bear trap. Cops own this thrilling two-lane tarmac, which winds through tree-lined chicanes and over blind hills. When I was in college, I routinely smoked the tires of my beater '84 Honda Accord driving this road, and graduated with an average of one speeding ticket per semester—not a bad tally, I reckon, considering how many times I managed to avoid getting busted.

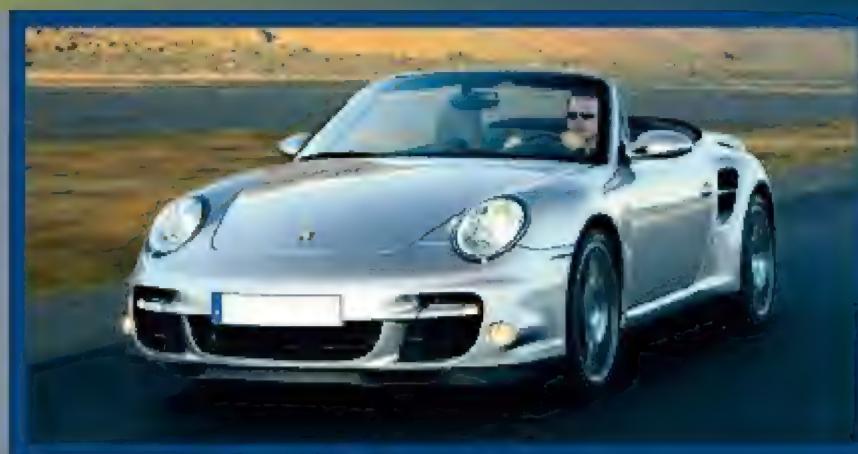
Twelve years and one license

reinstatement later, I'm driving the Taconic again. This time I'm not thinking about whether or not Heather from my Proust class is a lesbian, but about whether or not putting the top down on the Porsche 911 Turbo Cabriolet I'm testing will make me appear to be less of a man.

The wind is noisy at 85, and if I hit the top speed—193 miles an hour—it would sound like surfing on the wing of a 727.

A confession: I'm not a ragtop kind of guy. But for this power-fiend Porsche, I'll make an exception. It shares the coupe's monstrous 3.6-liter twin-turbocharged boxer, making it the fastest open-topped Porsche since last year's \$440,000 Carrera GT (of course, my Cab's not exactly a bargain), and it actually has a tough stance with the top down.

As I drive the black Cab from Brooklyn to my old school in the verdant Mid-Hudson Valley, I'm the very picture



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style All-wheel-drive convertible
Engine 3.6-liter six-cylinder, twin-turbo boxer
Power 480 horsepower
Torque 460 foot-pounds
Transmission Six-speed manual
Wheelbase 108.3 inches
Front tires 19-inch 235/35 ZR19
Rear tires 19-inch 305/30 ZR19
Curb weight 3,130 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60 mph 3.7 seconds (manual)
Top speed 193 mph
Fuel economy 21.9 mpg average
Price (as tested) \$137,360



of lawful restraint. After taking in the spare, elegant details of the interior and briefly agonizing over whether or not to open the top (I do; it's a beautiful day), I pass a couple of speed traps that send a chill into my groin.

The convertible has 150 extra pounds, a concession to the rigidity added to the frame, but the extra weight doesn't slow it down. After a quick detour to a friend's house, I turn back onto the Taconic. There's no traffic, so I bury my toe in the throttle and pop the clutch; the rear-mounted boxer punches. I shift to second and the twin turbos screech. The press materials say zero to 60 takes 3.7

seconds with a manual tranny. I think it's faster by a tenth or so.

The Porsche 911 Turbo is one of the quickest-feeling cars on the road. The flat-six produces an absurd surge of power, and, for better or worse, everything about the ride—the subterranean center of gravity, the race-ready ceramic composite brakes, the herculean grip—makes me feel superhuman.

I hit 75 miles an hour and see in the mirror that the wing has extended

behind me to counter the positive lift generated over the rear axle at high speeds. The wind is noisy at 85, and I think if there were no cops and I pegged the speedometer to hit the top speed on this tiny beast—193 miles an hour—it would sound like surfing on the wing of a 727.

The years I spent at college were instructive—two speeding tickets in one semester was an expensive tax on youthful arrogance—but those days are over. I hit 100, then wind down the revs. The wind rushes over the open top. I still don't know if Heather is a lesbian, but I have learned to control myself. A little bit.



Flying Spyder

A company that sells everything from snowmobiles to regional jets has chosen to hit the road with a very different kind of roadster.

By Bill Heald

We live in exciting times in terms of vehicle evolution. We have everything from Segways to smart cars to hybrids to choose from, and we can even purchase touring motorcycles with CD players and satellite navigation. Bombardier is a huge company that builds a version of just about every type of conveyance out there, and they've gone in a seriously bold direction with the Can-Am Spyder. The inventors of this singular three-wheeler claim the Spyder was "born at the outer fringe of reality," and who are we to argue? This is a very bizarre machine—a wildly tricked-out piece of technology that melds elements of

motorcycles, snowmobiles, ATVs, cars, and open-wheel racers into an attention-grabbing way to get around.

The basic architecture consists of the Y-Factor chassis, which places two wheels up front and one stout radial behind to provide the propulsion. This reverse tricycle configuration is built on a slim, stiff frame, and the front

wheels ride on lightweight, double-A-arm suspension components. The engine is from the noted Austrian firm Rotax, which is a very good thing: The company is famous for producing reliable, powerful engines. The Spyder gets a 990-cc liquid-cooled V-twin with double overhead cams that puts out 106 horsepower—plenty of grunt to shoot the 700-pound arachnid down the road with reasonable urgency. The transmission is a motorcycle-style five-speed unit (with reverse), but if you dole out an additional \$1,500, you can score the Sequential SE5 gearbox that lets you shift with the touch of a button.

Unlike a motorcycle, there's no

This unconventional trike will get you noticed and to your destination quickly, in just about any kind of weather.

front brake lever on the right handlebar grip, as both front and rear brakes are controlled by a foot pedal and are blessed with the latest ABS technology. And while we're on the subject of tech, the Spyder is loaded with more electronic witchcraft than the Department of Defense, all in the name of keeping those three wheels in balance and in control as you rail around corners. The first of these marvels is Dynamic Power Steering, which adjusts to give the right amount of boost at low speed, and good road feel when you wick things up.

Even more sophisticated is the Vehicle Stability System, which, like similar technology on cars, employs a

whole mess of subsystems to keep you on course. In the event of sudden, accident-avoidance maneuvers, the Stability Control System measures yaw, lateral acceleration, handlebar angle, etc., then brakes the individual wheels to keep you on the tarmac and out of the emergency room.

A traction-control system is also a part of this black-box contingent and helps to keep you moving, even in nasty weather. The wild machine also has a trunk up front, with 44 liters of cargo capacity.

Most states require a motorcycle license to pilot a Spyder, but that's where the two-wheeled similarities truly end. 



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled V-twin
Bore x stroke	97 mm x 68 mm
Displacement	990 cc
Fuel system	Multi-point electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic dual-output coil
Transmission	Five-speed with reverse optional electronic control
Front suspension	Double A-arm, anti-roll bar
Rear suspension	Single shock
Front brakes	Dual 260-mm discs, integrated
Rear brake	Single 260-mm disc
Front tires	165/65 R14
Rear tire	225/50 R15
Fuel tank	6.6 gallons
Wheelbase	68 inches
Seat height	29 inches
Dry weight	697 pounds
MSRP	\$15,500; \$16,999 with optional SES transmission



"If you saw a hot position in an adult film, throw her over the side of the bed and go for it! It's sex; it's not meant to be polite."

ROMANCING THE MOAN

"I don't think setting the scene is the best way to have good sexual relations. It's not a turn-on to pull back from a kiss and say, 'Hold on, I've got to put on some Barry White.' If you've already started hooking up, then just go with it. Otherwise you'll have to set the mood again. And while you're hunting through your drawer for a lighter as she sits there naked, tapping her fingers, she might just be like, 'Let's just turn on *SportsCenter* and see this week's bloopers.'"

HEAD BORED

"Some girls lie there like a dead fish. But maybe that gives you license to bend her like a pretzel. Go with whatever feels best for you. And if you saw a hot position in an adult film, throw her over the side of the bed and go for it! You're not going to stop in the middle and say, 'Hey, do you mind...?' It's sex; it's not meant to be polite."

"But it's not a pleasant surprise to go backdoor on a girl. Set the guidelines beforehand: 'Do you mind your hair being pulled? Do you mind if I spank you?' Then go for it."

WAKE THE NEIGHBORS

"Some girls are naturally loud; some are quiet. It's easy to make sure she's loud—if you're doing something that's making her get louder, keep doing it. The guy should make some sounds, too, but don't groan to the point where you're louder than her. I used to date this guy who made obnoxious sounds when we were only *kissing*. I didn't even want to know what he was going to be like in bed."

POSITION IMPOSSIBLE

"There's this hype that porn-star sex is the best—but it's acting. And a lot of the sex isn't done for comfort; it's what looks good on camera. Go with what feels best to you, not what you see on film that looks good—unless, of course, people are watching you."

BLOOPER REAL

"In a video, they can edit it out if the girl falls off the bed when the couple switches positions. At home, there's no way to do it seamlessly. I once had sex with the lights out and fell off the bed when we were changing positions. It scared the mood right out of me. I was like, 'Oh my God, I almost died!' If you make a big deal, it's hard to continue. Make a joke about it and just keep going." *On*

Boogie Nights

You can't pull off the money shot if you've thrown out your back attempting some over-the-top move. Penthouse Pet Brea Lynn reveals what you need to know to succeed at porn-star-style sex.

By Jonathan Ages

PLAYGROUNDS

"Anywhere you're comfortable having sex—living room, pool—go for it. I always find good places, but I like to keep it to the bedroom. There are fewer painful things that could happen there. Like, if you do it in the

grass, you could have an allergic reaction; and in the shower, you might knock over a razor and step on it. Plus, in the bedroom you can have all your goodies right there in a drawer. The living room works well, too, but don't leave any weird stains."

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

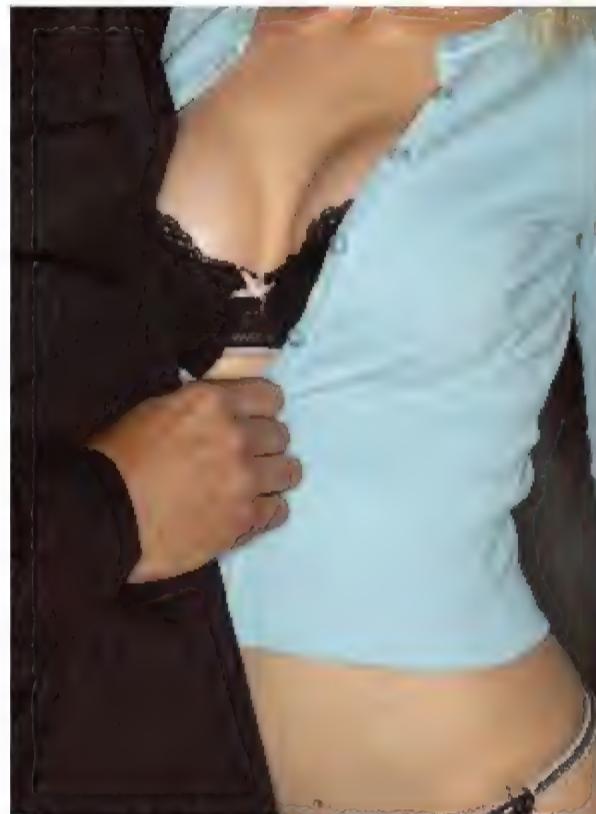
As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain.

A Pill That Can Increase Your Size!*

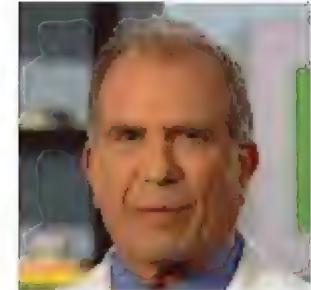


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www.ExtenZeMe.com

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. Extenze is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.



Long Tall Texan

Texas tea is a stellar tailgating cocktail, if you don't mind packing up your whole liquor cabinet. Drink 'em early, then leave yourself plenty of time to sober up before you hit the road.

By Tucker Shaw
Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

WHAT

Tequila is actually a subset of mescal, a family of alcohols made from the blue agave plant, which grows in Mexico and looks kind of like an aloe vera plant. Tequila is made in the western Mexican region of, believe it, Tequila. The agave is chopped, cooked, mashed, fermented in pots, distilled, and aged in oak barrels. (Good tequilas are 100 percent agave. Mixtotequilas often have added cane sugar.)

The amount of aging determines the type of tequila. *Plata* or *blanco*, or silver, tequilas are bottled soon after distilling. *Oro*, or gold, tequilas often spend some time in barrels, plus get a shot of caramel for color. *Reposado* hangs in the barrels for two to 12 months. *Añejo*, the granddaddy of tequila, ages for at least a year, if not several years.

In general, the younger the tequila, the better it is for mixing. Old tequilas deserve to be sipped neat.

WHY

This one's a lot like the better-known Long Island iced tea in that it's (a) got just about everything in it, and (b) is hard to fuck up. And even if you do, you won't notice a thing after the first couple of sips. Most recipes call for Coca-Cola, but this Dr. Pepper version blows them away.

Tip: Make sure your Dr. Pepper is cold, so it doesn't melt your ice too fast.

HOW

Ingredients (makes one drink)
 ½ ounce white tequila
 ½ ounce gold tequila
 ½ ounce vodka
 ½ ounce white rum
 ½ ounce Cointreau
 ½ ounce sour mix (see sidebar)
 Dr. Pepper

Fill bar glass or shaker base halfway with ice cubes. Add all ingredients except Dr. Pepper. Stir gently for 60 seconds. Place lime round in bottom of collins glass. Add four ice cubes. Strain booze mixture into glass, then top off with Dr. Pepper. Stir, garnish with lime round, and serve.

MIX IT UP

Frozen Texas tea: Using four ounces Dr. Pepper, combine ingredients in a blender with 1½ cups crushed ice. Blend for ten seconds, pulsing in additional five-second increments if necessary.

Tejano tea: Substitute ½ ounce reposado tequila for the vodka.

Remember the Alamo: Add ½ ounce bourbon whiskey to the mix.

Texas tea has just about everything in it, and it's hard to fuck up. And even if you do, you won't notice after a couple of sips.



SOUR MIX

(makes about 1½ cups)
 Juice of 4 lemons (about ½ cup)
 ½ cup simple syrup (see right)
 1 small egg white, beaten
 Toss everything into a jar and shake vigorously. Done. Use immediately, or keep it in the fridge for up to two weeks.

SIMPLE SYRUP

(makes 1 cup)
 2 cups sugar
 1 cup water
 Stir the sugar and water together in a saucepan and heat until it boils. Reduce the heat and simmer, stirring often, for about five minutes. Let cool. Done. You can refrigerate it, in a bottle with a tight cap, for up to two months.

If you want to jack up your syrup, you can steep things in it while it cools, such as vanilla beans, fresh ginger, cloves, or mint leaves that you've bashed with the back of a spoon. Just remember to strain them out before you store the syrup.

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THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About

sex

We harvested these (greatly abbreviated) answers to 40 questions about sex from the upcoming book *Do Gentlemen Really Prefer Blondes?* to give you a glimpse into the female perspective. Read on and learn.

By Jena Pincott

1 How long does it take to decide if a person is hot?

First impressions of people's looks are less about choice and culture and cultivated tastes, and more about something deeper and universal. Judging attractiveness seems to happen just as automatically and matter-of-factly as judging identity, gender, age, and expression. Some parts of your brain can capture a face in 13 milliseconds, faster than you think.

2 Why is long hair sexy?

The No. 1 physical feature that American men say they desire in a woman, trumping breasts and legs and skin, is hair. Our brains subconsciously process the sight of long, vibrant hair as a cue of youth and vitality.

3 Do gentlemen really prefer blondes?

American guys do, because blonde hair is rarer, brighter, youthful, and popular in the media. For ancestral Europeans, blonde hair was the equivalent of brilliant, shiny packaging. The human eye is attracted to light, bright colors, so blondes stand out more than brunettes and even redheads.

4 Do tall men have prettier girlfriends?

Possibly. Tall men are generally more sexually desirable. Taller people, as a group, are perceived as more intelligent, more dominant, and better leaders. They're also better paid, and a man's take-home is an important factor in whether a woman will take him home. A successful five-foot-five guy needs to make \$237,500 a year to be as desirable as a six-foot guy who pulls in \$62,500, all else being equal.

5 Why are highheels sexy?

Anatomically speaking, women in heels are doing what chimps do when they're in heat: standing on tiptoe, arching the back, and sticking out the butt. The movement of the lower limbs becomes more sensual. It's hard for others not to notice the sway of her hips, the thrust of her breasts, the incline of her pelvis, the strut of her stuff.

6 What does a "wiggle" in her walk reveal?

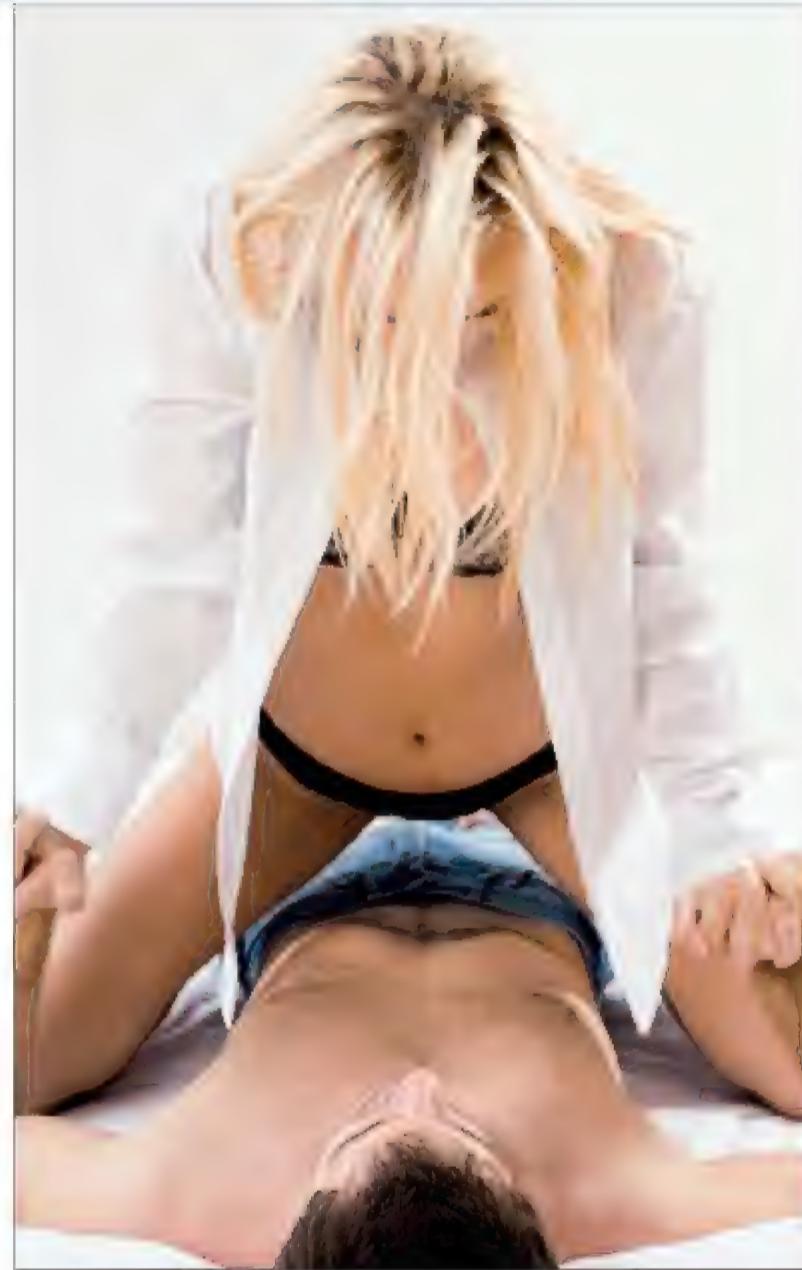
The more wiggle in her walk, the tinier her waist is in proportion to her hips—a telltale sign of youth and fertility.

7 Why are curves sexy?

From an evolutionary view, because they're blatant cues of youth, health, and fertility. The hourglass figure is unique to a woman in her peak reproductive years. There's also evidence that curves mean smarter kids.

8 Why do men love big breasts?

Breast size is linked with fertility. The fat that accumulates in the chest does so under the influence of the hormone estrogen, which also affects the ability to get pregnant.



9. Why do so many men wish they had BIGGER PENISES?

Women are basically satisfied with the shapes and sizes of the various penises they encounter. Even so, penis size is associated with masculinity. As a symbol of virility, the role of a large penis is historically that of a status display targeted at other men, not unlike how a lion's mane threatens other lions.

10 What's the purpose of pubic hair?

One possibility is that it protects the genitals from debris much in the way that eyelashes protect eyes. There's also speculation that it has played a role in sexual selection, as only a person who has reached sexual maturity grows pubic hair. Pubic-hair follicles also act as antennae, broadcasting a person's scent to anyone whose nose happens to be in close proximity.



11. Why don't PEOPLE GO INTO HEAT LIKE OTHER ANIMALS?

When other female primates enter their fertile phase, they vocalize their status, redden in the rump, grab at penises, and allow themselves to be mounted by the first male who comes around. We do something that may seem even more promiscuous—we have sex all the time, at any time of the night and day and month, all year round. As a result, men don't know when a gal is most likely to conceive, which is to her advantage. Meanwhile, men don't have to wait for a woman to be in heat to get some action.

12 How do the seasons affect your sex life?

The general trend is that levels of circulating testosterone are higher in fall and, perhaps in men, the summer. Testosterone levels are associated with sex drive: The higher, the hornier. Interestingly, STDs also peak in the summer and autumn, according to studies in the United States and Europe.

13 Why does doing something dangerous or exciting increase attraction?

Call it love at first fright. In your brain's emotional and reward circuits, excitement transfers from one experience to another, most often from danger to sexual arousal. When excitement transfer happens, it's like having the Midas touch, but everything turns sexier. The rush from the experience may last for ten minutes or so, occasionally for a few hours, and may enhance, intensify, and eroticize everything you encounter.

14 What body language do women use to express interest?

No successful encounter happens without eyes meeting first. A smile and a direct gaze that lasts longer than three seconds often seal the deal. Common signals are the head toss and the hair flip, which are usually executed simultaneously. When not speaking, a woman might part her lips slightly and wet her upper or lower lip. She's likely to laugh a lot, and do a lot of nodding.

15 What's the strongest signal women can use to get someone's attention?

A smile and a direct gaze. The look and smile together enhance a man's "feel-good feeling." From an evolutionary perspective,

THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

it makes sense for a man to find a woman more attractive if she's sending him a signal that she's interested.

16 What exactly makes a smile attractive?

A smile only really works when it's real and affects the muscle around the eyes. Try as you might, the wide grin you flash for the camera or a colleague doesn't do as much for you as the spontaneous one that lights up your face when you're happy or amused.

17 Why do guys think women are into them when they're just being friendly?

Women's choosiness makes men more competitive; they can't waste opportunities. Men are like fire alarms—biased toward false positives. For firefighters, a false positive means they rushed to a site where there wasn't actually a fire. For a lovelorn man, a false positive means he hit on a woman who didn't have the hots for him. As exasperating and wasteful as false positives are, they're less of a loss than false negatives... which, for firemen and romantics alike, mean undiscovered flames.

18 What body language do guys use to get women's attention?

Eye contact is the most important cue. If eye contact hasn't been established before an approach, women report confusion and discomfort, usually a precursor to rejection.

19 How persuasive is a touch?

Even the briefest touch is powerful because it's a cue of dominance and status. Men do it to women more than women do it to men, and it often works in men's favor because women generally prefer high-status, dominant men.

20. What's the hidden AGENDA in men's PICKUP LINES?

Whether or not a woman responds warmly to a man's pickup line tells him something about her personality and what she seeks in a mate. The more controversial or sexual or humorous the come-on, the better it is as a filter. Consciously or not, a man uses these lines as a way to reject (or not waste time on) women who aren't looking for someone like him.

21 Why is blushing sexy?

Freud called the blush a displaced erection. You can't help it anymore than an

adolescent boy can help getting a hard-on. A blush suggests health, youth, and sexual arousal. Blushing may also help explain why humans—even full-bearded men—have hairless cheeks. In some other primates, arousal is expressed elsewhere. When a chimp is in heat, it's her butt cheeks that turn bright red.

22 Why does mimicry make women more likable?

If you have a motive to bond with a person—for example, if you're sexually interested—you are more likely to mimic his or her expressions and body language. By mirroring a date, a woman is not just charming him—she's showing understanding, empathy, and connectedness. It's a virtuous cycle: Liking leads to mimicry, and mimicry leads to liking.

23 Why do you turn your head to the right when you kiss?

Most people kiss to the right because we have a right-side motor (movement) bias. And we're not alone: Fish tend to turn rightward when a predator faces them head-on, chicks turn their heads right as they hatch from their eggs, and rats tend to turn right when trying to escape a maze.

24 Why do we French-kiss?

On the face of it, French kissing doesn't seem so sexy. There you are, with your tongue down your partner's throat, swapping saliva and swarms of bacteria. But when it's right, it sure feels good. Kissing is part of a courtship ritual to judge a potential mate's body chemistry and compatibility, which is why at least 90 percent of human cultures do it. By getting close to a partner and even tasting her saliva, you capture her "chemical fingerprint." Her saliva and sweat contain potential pheromones that either turn you on or turn you off.

25 Why do men have more casual sex?

Men, regardless of age, marital status, or sexual orientation, are universally more interested than women in having an abundance of lovers. In almost every corner of the planet, one of every four men desired more than one sex partner in the next month. Only one in 13 women sought the same. From an evolutionary perspective, women have very little incentive to have loads of lovers.

Men and women alike agree that the No. 1 reason for having a short-term relationship is raw physical attraction. When women have casual sex, they tend to go for guys who are socially dominant (a boss or college professor) or good-looking (the cute guy in the next cubicle or the jock at the gym).

26 Why are FEWER MEN than women BISEXUAL?

Men's sexual orientation is usually binary, gay, or straight, with few guys identifying themselves as bisexual. The straight woman isn't so straightforward. She's 27 times more likely than a man to have a homosexual experience. The higher a woman's sex drive, the more likely she is to have many lovers and be actively bi. A combination of genes and culture influences bisexuality.

27 Why are men more aroused than women by porn?

Yes, porn-watching men have more activity in regions of the brain associated with sex drive. However, it's a misconception that pornography (or erotica) is only a guy



thing. By and large (and XXX large), women enjoy it, too. In fact, in studies that measure blood flow to the genitals, porn-watching women are more physically aroused than porn-watching men. Of course, culture is a big factor, and so is content and context. Women might enjoy a porn flick only when the vigorously fornicating characters are in loving, equal relationships. The bottom line is, even if both partners like porn equally, a man might be more motivated by it, react to it more strongly and impulsively, and seek it out more often.

28 Can a romantic movie set the mood for love?

Yes, sometimes for hours. Men may squawk about watching a "chick flick," but it may make them more lovey-dovey.

29 Are good dancers also good in bed?

How might a dancer's skill at the bump and grind swing over to the bedroom? It turns out that symmetry, the innate physical quality of good dancers, is also a predictor of sexual ability. This isn't to say that all great dancers are also great lovers—but their masterly control of rhythm, coordination, and timing can't hurt. They're in touch with their own bodies, and that bodes well for being in touch with yours.

30 Is chocolate really an aphrodisiac?

If chocolate has libido-enhancing chemical properties, they're limited and vary from person to person. Blame the Aztecs for planting this idea. Legend has it that the cocoa harvest coincided with an Aztec festival of wild orgies, and by association the bean became a symbol of fertility.

31 Can semen make women happier?

"Semen will make you less depressed" sounds like the most self-serving line a man could utter. Yet there may be some truth to it. In a recent study, women who went bareback scored as less depressed than the women who used condoms, regardless of the length of the relationship, frequency of sex, or the emotional bond they had with their partners. Equally fascinating, only women who never, or only sometimes, used condoms got more depressed when they stopped having sex. From an evolutionary perspective, a semen addiction would make sense: If there's something in it that makes you feel good, you'll come back for more.

32 Why do women have orgasms?

The most compelling argument for the female orgasm is that it's a woman's subconscious way of influencing when and with whom she'll get pregnant. The "upsuck" theory posits that the female orgasm sucks semen up into the cervix like a vacuum, which increases a woman's chances of getting pregnant. Biologists propose that

the female orgasm is a covert, cloak-and-dagger, and completely unconscious way that women select the sperm of men with better genes. It's like a war of the womb, where the gentleman who wins is the one who can bring the lady to orgasm.

33 Are orgasms genetic?

Nearly one in three women reports that they never or only infrequently climax, whether alone or with a partner. At least some of the blame lies in the genes. However, exactly which genes are involved in orgasm is a complete mystery, not to mention that climaxing during masturbation probably involves different genes from climaxing with a partner. While reaching for the big O may be a stretch for some women, it's even more elusive for scientists.

34. Do WOMEN really reach their sexual peak in their thirties?

It's difficult to come up with a biological reason why women would have an early-thirties blip in sex drive, when women of all ages report the same levels of promiscuity and infidelity. An early-thirties peak in women's sexual desire and activity may be a combination of cultural expectation and an increase in comfort with their bodies, sex, and relationships.

35 Why is intercourse more satisfying than masturbation?

There's hormonal proof that sex with another person really does more for you. The intercourse orgasm yields higher prolactin levels and therefore a feeling of great satiety. You feel spent, in the best possible way. Deep penetration, combined with the heightened emotional and physiological aspects of intercourse, might more effectively stimulate the vagus nerve, which runs from the base of the brain to the pelvic area. This brain-to-heart-to-genital live wire tunes the entire body.

36 Do men and women experience orgasm the same way?

Women's orgasms comprise 3 to 15 rhythmic contractions, lasting about 15 seconds, although some orgasms go on for as long as two minutes. The average male orgasm is about 10 to 15 contractions and peters out after about 17 seconds or so. Men show more activity in the visual-processing center of the brain, which adds to the evidence that men are more externally oriented during sex, even at the moment of orgasm. But it's how you get to the climax and how you feel afterward where a woman and a man are more likely to differ. At the peak, it looks basically the same.

37 Why do people with satisfying sex lives masturbate?

Some answers are obvious. People masturbate to relieve boredom, as a form of safe sex, to induce sleep, for variation and convenience, to overcome sexual dysfunction, to reduce stress, and for the relief of burning urges. In the context of a relationship, masturbation is more like a vitamin than a meal: In moderation, it doesn't hurt, and it might even help. In men, masturbation may boost fertility by eliminating old sperm. For women, masturbation stimulates blood flow to the genitals, maintains vaginal elasticity, and increases secretions.

38 Why does creativity get men laid?

Creativity—whether displayed in art, music, language, humor, or novel ideas—has evolved at least in part from the male drive to, well, get laid. Unconsciously, women desire men with good genes. If a man shows off his brainpower—by writing a romantic note, telling jokes well, singing a song, or spinning a story—a woman might be smitten.

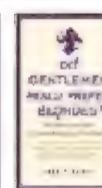
39 Which sex is more turned on by laughter?

Although both genders rate a good sense of humor as one of the most desirable qualities in a mate, women more often say they want a partner who can make them laugh, while men seek women who "get their sense of humor." While men use humor more often to attract dates, both sexes value it throughout a relationship. After the courtship phase, the humor balance may level, with both sexes making each other laugh.

40 Are people naturally monogamous?

Yes and no. Humans are among the four percent of mammals who have exclusive sexual relationships, which is one definition of monogamy. But the rule is interpreted loosely, as we all know. Most of us practice serial monogamy by having many sequential sexual relationships over a lifetime.

Unconvinced? Think of it this way: We're only mildly polygamous. When you compare us to other species, we're downright puritanical. Geneticists have found evidence that strict monogamy was never the norm for us, but it became more common between 5,000 and 10,000 years ago, when cultures transitioned to sedentary farming communities with households. The bottom line is that, for most people, monogamy doesn't come naturally, especially if defined in the stringent sense of one mate for life. 



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blonde moments



Through the years, *Penthouse* has featured hundreds of stunningly gorgeous American women. Of course, beautiful girls are found around the world, so we've included dozens of ladies from overseas as well. Now, with this first International Pet layout, we celebrate and thank our numerous foreign editions for assisting us in our search for the most beautiful women in the global village. First up: Australia, represented by the lovely Jaime Mackenzie. To see other Aussie beauties, visit AustralianPenthouse.com.au.

Photographs by Andrew K.





The 29-year-old, 35-24-34
Melbourne native was the
Pet of the Month in Australian
Penthouse in April 2008,
following a well-received
appearance in October 2006.







"The photographer and I tried to tell a story with these photos, like it's the morning after I screwed someone I shouldn't have, and I'm leaving trails of myself behind."



A full-page photograph of a blonde woman with long, wavy hair. She is wearing a white bikini and is posed in a bathroom. She is leaning forward, with her arms resting on a white, curved bathtub. Her head is tilted back, and she is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her hair is draped over the back of the tub. The background shows a gold-colored shower door with a glass panel and a gold-colored towel ring on the left. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting her skin and the texture of her hair.

"I worked as a dancer for several years, and now I'm doing more modeling. I feel like my career could go in any direction: modeling, dancing, even personal training."



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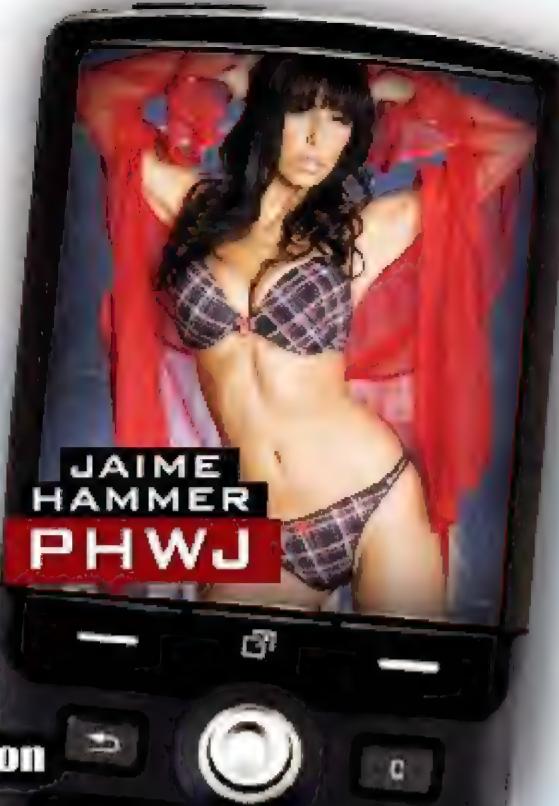
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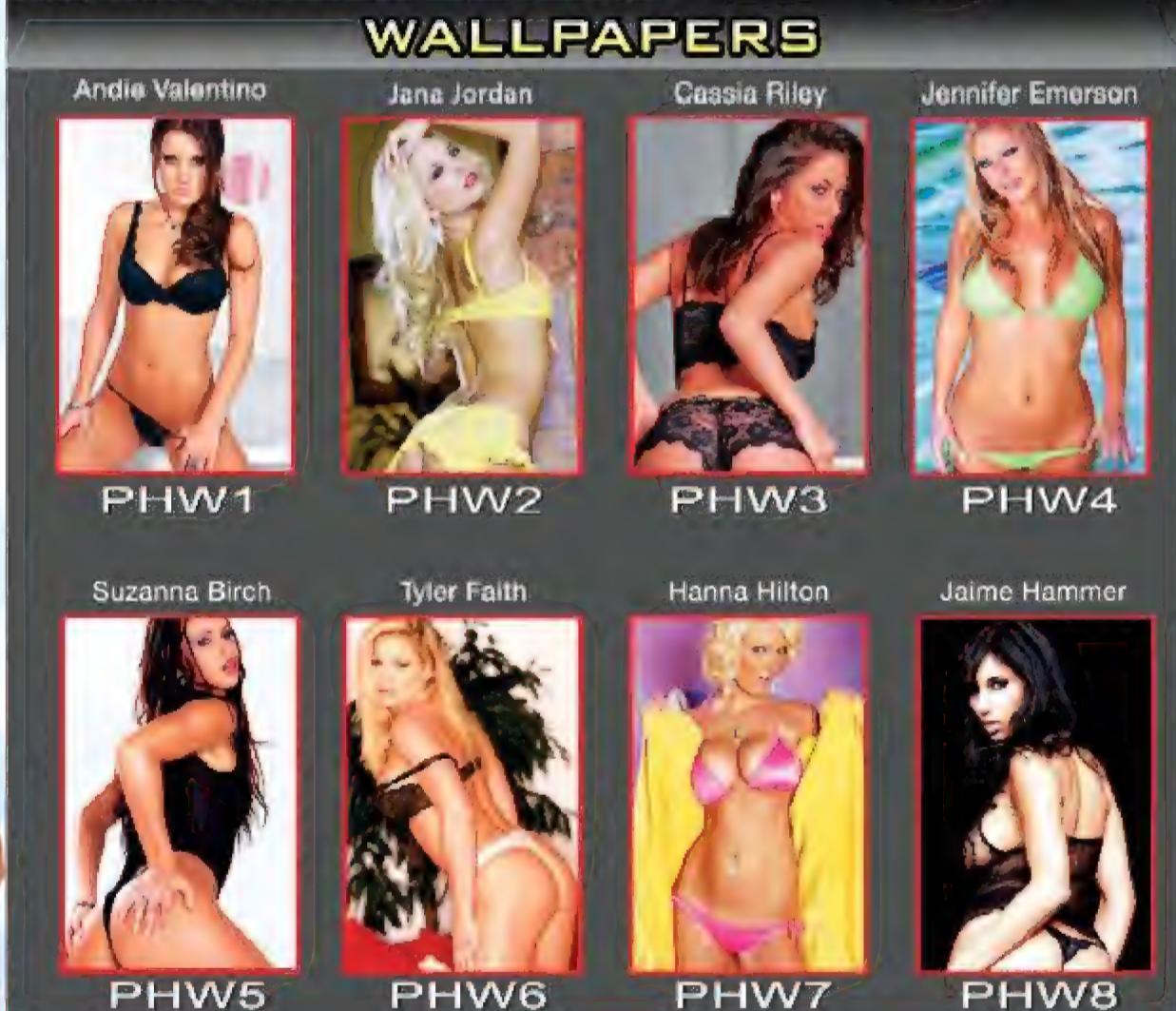
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BREE
OLSON
PHW9



SCREENSAVERS

Hanna Hilton



PHS1

Shay Laren



PHS2

Jamie Lynn



PHS3

Heather Vandeven



PHS4

Andie Valentino



PHS5

Kimberly Williams



PHS6

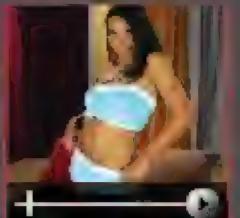
VIDEOS

Tyler Faith



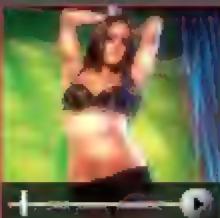
PHV1

Krista Ayne



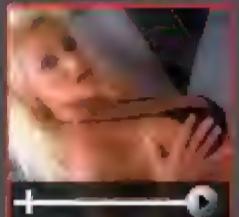
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Mikayla



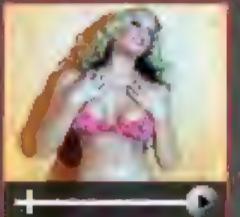
PHV3

Zdenka Podkapova



PHV4

Nicole Sheridan



PHV5

Gianna Lynn



PHV6

Suzane



PHV7

Montana Bay



PHV8

Gabi

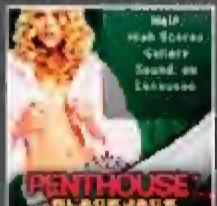


PHV9

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GAMES

BLACKJACK



PHG1

SLOT MACHINE



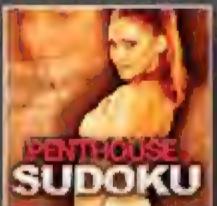
PHG2

SOLITAIRE



PHG3

SUDOKU



PHG4

RINGTONES

ANSWER THAT B*TCH

PHR1

HEY BABY

PHR2

BOW CHICA WOW WOW

PHR3

NAUGHTY SPANK

PHR4

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PHR9

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We're not saying the Giants got lucky last year, but David Tyree's game-saving reception with 1:15 left in Super Bowl XLII was probably the last one-handed-helmet-catch while-being-smothered-by-a-defender that you will ever see.

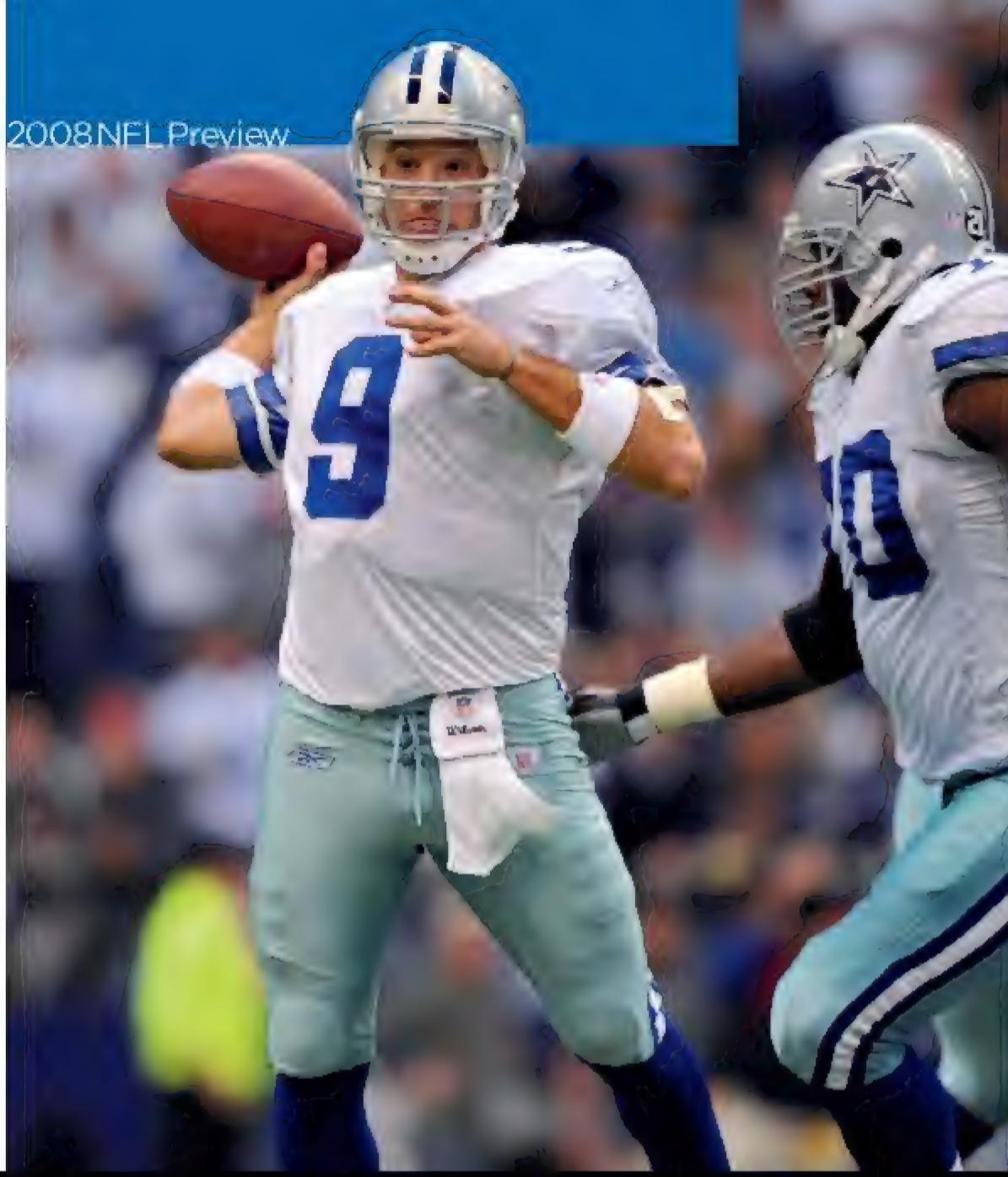


Sunday Best

The Giants pulled off a remarkable championship run in 2007 and went home with the rings, but this year will hold no such surprises.

By Kevin Hench

Last season, the seemingly inevitable—New England's undefeated run to the Super Bowl title—was derailed by a bolt from the blue. Make that from the Big Blue, as the New York Giants, who had been inconsistent, at best, suddenly jelled for a sensational run to the championship and an upset of the 18-0 Patriots. This season will feature no such surprises, as the NFL's recent usual suspects, including, yes, New England, will battle for league supremacy. The Patriots will get a run for their money, and then some, from **San Diego**, with a healthy and hungry QB in Philip Rivers. In the NFC, **Green Bay** (despite the off-season controversy involving, um, whatshisname) and **Dallas** will duke it out for a berth in Super Bowl XLIII. We survey the top storylines for 2008, including a look at three quarterbacks at a crossroads, the big off-season transactions, the potential dark horses, the fate of the cellar dwellers, and, of course, the loveliest cheerleaders.



The Champ, the Contender, and the Understudy

Quarterbacks Eli Manning, Tony Romo, and Aaron Rodgers face unique challenges in 2008.

New York Giants QB Eli Manning and Dallas's Tony Romo are both listed at a sturdy 224 pounds. Green Bay's Aaron Rodgers weighs in at 223. If any of these strapping QBs ever loses his luggage—say, on the way to the Pro Bowl—he can definitely borrow clothes from one of the others.

But when it comes to getting dressed for the 2008 season, Romo's collar might feel a little tight, Rodgers is stepping into some huge shoes, and Manning is simply looking marvelous (because everything goes with a Super Bowl ring).

One year after he fumbled the snap on a chip-shot field-goal attempt that would have given the Cowboys a playoff victory in Seattle, Romo was set for redemption in 2007, as the Cowboys secured home-field advantage throughout the playoffs by going 13-3. Then he spent a week in Cabo San Lucas with his girlfriend, Jessica Simpson, and turned in a lackluster effort in a 21-17

loss to a Giants team that Dallas had defeated handily—twice—during the regular season. Romo insists the trip had nothing to do with his so-so performance, but let's just say coach Wade Phillips—who is 0-4 in the postseason—won't be encouraging



While Romo (above) must find playoff success this year or face a shake-up in Big D, Manning (right) hopes to prove his Super Bowl run was no fluke.

any getaways to Mexico on the eve of the playoffs this season. Because anything less than a Super Bowl appearance will bring major changes in Big D, starting with Phillips's job.

While Romo's relationship became a big story in Dallas, poor patient Aaron Rodgers had to spend his first summer as Green Bay's new steady watching the Pack's old flame make a scene. Brett Favre's bout of second thoughts about retirement turned what had been a smooth, classy transition into a messy him-or-me situation, and further ratcheted up the pressure on the big-armed Rodgers.

When he was pressed into action in Dallas in week 13 last year, Rodgers went 18 for 26 with 201 yards and a 104.8 QB rating. Not too shabby. And with stud wideout Greg Jennings on the verge of stardom and Ryan Grant jump-starting the Pack's running game, Rodgers could take over a game-breaking offense. If he is content to take what the defense gives his West Coast offense—think Favre minus the forced throws into coverage—Packers fans will be cheering him on to a playoff run deep into January.

While the Cowboys and Packers were sailing down the backstretch last season, Eli Manning was throwing a league-high 20 interceptions, three of which were returned for touchdowns. His 73.9 QB rating ranked him 25th in the NFL, behind such luminaries as Joey Harrington, Damon Huard, and Kyle Boller. From weeks 10 to 16 he threw six TDs and ten picks. He was, in a word, awful.

But something clicked in the final game of the regular season, a 38-35 loss at home to the Patriots in which he threw for four touchdowns. That game began the best stretch of Manning's career, an incredible month in which he threw 119 playoff passes with six touchdowns and only one interception. En route to his first championship, Manning outdueled Romo and Favre before downing Tom Brady.

The previous two times the Giants won the Super Bowl, they missed the playoffs the following year—a distinct possibility for the '08 G-Men in the brutal NFC East.

But even if Manning ends the season sitting at home watching Romo and Rodgers vie for his crown, he can take comfort in knowing he has already proven himself on the biggest stage. Should Romo falter again, his collar will only get tighter, and if Rodgers struggles, those shoes will only get bigger.



Impact Moves

Ranking the seismic shifts of the 2008 off-season

1. Adam Pacman Jones, from suspension to Dallas

If there is a line owner Jerry Jones won't cross in his desire to open the Dallas Cowboys' new stadium in 2009 as defending Super Bowl champions, we haven't found it yet. After his remarkable success at transforming Terrell Owens into a model teammate—one prescription-drug episode notwithstanding—Jones has taken on his biggest challenge yet: The Artist Formerly Known as Pacman. Yes, the former Titans cornerback would like to be called Adam now, thank you very much. But whatever his name, Jones (above, left) gives the Cowboys yet another ridiculously talented playmaker. In 2006, he returned three punts for TDs and took an interception 83 yards for another score.

2. Jared Allen, from Kansas City to Minnesota

What do you do when your defense

is No. 1 against the run and dead last against the pass? You acquire the league's sack leader, that's what. With Allen (above, middle)—who had 15.5 sacks last season—storming off the edge, there is no way the Vikings will get picked apart through the air as they were last year (264 yards per game). And with run-stuffers Kevin Williams, Pat Williams, and E. J. Henderson back in the middle, the Vikes have a latter-day Purple People Eater unit—along with a bona fide chance at contending in the NFC.

The Artist Formerly Known as Pacman is in Dallas, and he would like to be called Adam now.

3. Asante Samuel, from New England to Philadelphia

In week 12 last season, the Eagles were driving for a score and what would have been a monumental upset of the undefeated Patriots when Asante Samuel snuffed out the bid with an end-zone interception. Cut to the off-season, when Philly figured, if you can't beat 'em, sign away their franchise cornerback. Samuel (near left) has had 16 picks in the past two seasons, and he should help lead the Eagles back to the playoffs.

4. Marcus Stroud, from Jacksonville to Buffalo

Buffalo has had great success squeezing big seasons out of big men after other teams have given up on them. New defensive tackle Stroud will try to follow in the large footprints of Ted Washington and Sam Adams, and return to the run-clogging dominance that sent him to the Pro Bowl three times with the Jaguars. And Buffalo will grab a wild-card slot out of the AFC East.

5. Alan Faneca, from Pittsburgh, and Brett Favre, from retirement, to New York Jets

Sliding the Pro Bowl left guard in between center Nick Mangold and left tackle D'Brickashaw Ferguson will be a move forward for the yo-yo-ing Jets, who have alternated 10-6 playoff seasons with 4-12 disasters over the past four years. Which will it be this year? Only time will tell what happens with the aging Favre, but Faneca will strengthen the offensive line.

Sleeper Hits

Every NFL season delivers a contender no one saw coming. We tab this year's surprise teams.

The Patriots of 2001. The Saints of 2006. The Browns—and Giants—of 2007.

The sleeper has become an NFL institution. We don't know who it will be, we just know that some team will come out of nowhere to win ten or more games—and possibly even a championship—in 2008.

Keeping in mind the humbling memory that I chose the Niners as my sleeper last year (they went 5-11), I submit two franchises poised to shock the football world in '08. (Or go 5-11.) Drumroll, please....

The Buffalo Bills and the Houston Texans.

The Bills have been a sleeper so many times in the eight years since they last

made the playoffs, it's possible the franchise is actually in a coma. Maybe the Music City Miracle put them there. But there are signs of awakening.

They don't give coaching awards to guys who go 7-9, but Dick Jauron deserves some recognition for coaxing seven wins out of a team that finished 30th in total offense and 31st in total defense. Yep, in both those categories his team trailed the 1-15 Dolphins.

With quarterback Trent Edwards (5-4 as a rookie starter) and tailback Marshawn Lynch (1,115 yards rushing as a

rookie) entering their second seasons after a year of on-the-job training, the offense will be improved. On the other side of the ball, former Jacksonville DT Marcus Stroud will pair with the re-signed Kyle Williams to strengthen the D-line, and talented rookie cornerback Leodis McKelvin (Troy State) will join excellent safety Donte Whitner in the backfield.

After the team wins ten games and returns to the playoffs, Buffalo's new fans in Toronto—where the Bills will play eight games in the next five years—will get their first experience of the franchise's particular brand of postseason heartbreak.

The Houston Texans may

have had the greatest last-place season in NFL history in 2007. Not only did they finish 8-8 in a division with three playoff teams, but they did so with their starting QB, Matt Schaub, and top WR, Andre Johnson, missing most or all of seven games, and RB Ahman Green missing ten games.

That Houston broke even with an offense led by Sage Rosenfels, Ron Dayne, and Kevin Walter is a testament to their rapidly improving defense and special teams. Mario Williams (14 sacks) and DeMeco Ryans (128 tackles)

appear determined to vindicate departed GM Charlie Casserly for his (in retrospect) outstanding 2006 draft. (You may recall Casserly receiving a wee bit of criticism for taking Williams over RB Reggie Bush.) Kickreturner Andre Davis averaged 30.3 yards per return and tied for the league lead with three runbacks for TDs, and Kris Brown cemented his reputation as the league's top long-range kicker, going five for five from beyond 50 yards.

With Schaub and Johnson playing a full season, the Texans will climb out of the basement this year, which, when you play in the AFC South, means into the playoffs.



Digging Out

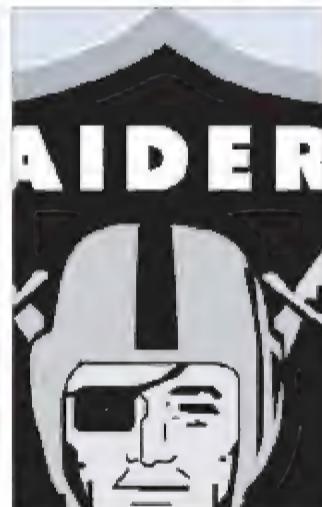
Can these five cellar dwellers stop the rot?

One of the many great things about the NFL is that bad teams can get good in a hurry. The Browns went from 4-12 in 2006 to 10-6 last year, the same season Tampa went from 4-12 to 9-7 and the playoffs. So take heart, Raiders (4-12 in 2007), Chiefs (4-12), Falcons (4-12), Rams (3-13), and Dolphins (1-15). In the NFL, you're never that far away.

Okay, actually you're all still pretty far away. But all is not lost. From most hopeless to most promising, here is a progress report on five of the NFL's biggest have-nots.



ATLANTA FALCONS
You know a situation is bad when the head coach takes a \$2 million pay cut to flee to Arkansas. (No offense, Razorback fans, but Fayetteville is generally not on the wish list of NFL coaches with four years left on their contracts.) And in 2008, the sinking ship Bobby Petrino abandoned will be taking on more water. Former Jacksonville defensive coordinator Mike Smith will try to keep the team afloat—without RB Warrick Dunn, TE Alge Crumpler, or DB DeAngelo Hall. With No. 3 overall pick QB Matt Ryan presumably relegated to learning on the sidelines—for his own safety—four wins is optimistic for Atlanta.



OAKLAND RAIDERS
The bad mojo plaguing the Silver and Black during their five-year free fall since Super Bowl XXXVII continued in the off-season as free-agent signee Javon Walker was beaten unconscious in Las Vegas. Perhaps the Raiders O-line was protecting him: Oakland QBs have been sacked 158 times in the past three seasons. No wonder 2007 No. 1 overall pick JaMarcus Russell wasn't rushed under center in his rookie year. This year's top pick, RB Darren McFadden (fourth overall), should make an impact, but it won't be enough to keep the Raiders from having a top-five draft pick again in 2009.



MIAMI DOLPHINS
New team president Bill Parcells knows that a solid left tackle can be a franchise cornerstone. He began the rebuilding process in Miami with 6'7", 313-pound former Michigan lineman Jake Long. Whether Long is protecting Josh McCown, John Beck, or fellow rookie and former Wolverine Chad Henne, the Dolphins will be better offensively thanks to the return of running back Ronnie Brown. The Phins scored 22.3 points per game in Brown's seven starts in 2007, as opposed to 12.3 points per game while he was sidelined. (As for his backfield partner Ricky Williams, we're making no predictions. History has shown that's a losing proposition.)



KANSAS CITY CHIEFS
What a difference a day makes. Things looked bleak last year as KC lost its final nine games of the season. Larry Johnson was shelved with a foot injury, Brodie Croyle had a sub-70 QB rating, and the once-great offensive line was awful, allowing 55 sacks. But all that was forgotten on Draft Day '08, when the Chiefs hauled in stud DT Glenn Dorsey (LSU), a potential All-Pro OT in Branden Albert (Virginia), and highly regarded corner Brandon Flowers (Virginia Tech). They also snagged three quality prospects in the third round. Croyle may not be the answer at quarterback, but with the best draft in the league, Kansas City has a lot fewer questions than it did a year ago.



ST. LOUIS RAMS
None of our Feted Five has a shorter trip back to respectability than the Rams. In 2007, the St. Louis offense was hamstrung by injuries to QB Marc Bulger and workhorse RB Steven Jackson, and the defense got exposed in all the time it spent on the field due to the offense's inability to move the chains. With Bulger and Jackson back, and high-impact defensive end Chris Long, the No. 2 overall pick, expected to follow in his dad Howie's Hall of Fame footsteps, the Rams could climb back to .500 in '08.



Sideline Sirens

Binoculars in hand, we rate the NFL's cheerleading teams



iconic all-female team of lithe women in star-studded, white hot pants.

Six years later, the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders had their own one-hour network-TV special to kick off the season for *Monday Night Football*. In 1979, the creatively titled made-for-TV movie *Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders* aired, starring Jane Seymour (and Bucky Dent!), and pulled in a huge enough national audience that a sequel was broadcast the following year. So, yes, the Cowboys started the trend. But other NFL teams have caught up. Here are our top five current NFL cheerleading squads, based on their, um, excellence in the field of physical aesthetics.

As far as we can tell—and we've spared no effort in our research, trust us—the Green Bay Packers were the first NFL team to field a cheerleading squad. In 1931, the third year of Green Bay's first NFL dynasty (they won the NFL title from 1929–31, and again from 1965–67), the Packers recruited the cheerleading teams from Green Bay's East and West High Schools for a few games at the old City Stadium. Of course, high school kids rah-rahing in varsity sweaters in Wisconsin in January is a far cry from the current state of NFL cheerleading. The (joyous, scantily clad) dawn of that era came in 1972, when the Dallas Cowboys (who else?) ditched the coed, G-rated squad they called CowBelles & Beaux (no, seriously) and replaced it with their soon-to-be-

Clearly, the Redskins (top) have made great strides on the sidelines, surpassing their counterparts in Dallas (far left). But Miami remains the gold standard in NFL cheerleading.

5. Tampa Bay Buccaneers

Is it any surprise that the home of Mons Venus knows how to bring it?

4. Dallas Cowboys

The iconic NFL cheerleading team has slipped, but not off our chart.

3. Washington Redskins

They have eclipsed their dreaded NFC East rivals the Cowboys—in this category, anyway.

2. San Diego Chargers

Type "Chargers cheerleaders" into Google Image Search. Thank us later.

1. Miami Dolphins

The Dolphins make up for being an eyesore on the field with delicious eye candy on the sidelines. 

Sal the Stock- Broker

He went from successful Wall Street traderto Howard Stern lackey almost overnight, and Sal "the Stockbroker" Governale is loving every gunky minute of it.

*By Peter Schrager
Photographs by Jordan Hollender*

While working on Wall Street in the late 1990s, Sal "the Stockbroker" Governale started making a name for himself by harassing *Howard Stern* Show producer Gary Dell'Abate with elaborate prank phone calls every morning. Given the opportunity to join the Stern crew full-time in 2004, Governale jumped at the chance, leaving a six-figure job to make a fraction of that while performing unnatural acts with other men at 7 A.M.

He has no regrets—in addition to writing for the Stern show, Governale created *Supertwink: The Movie* for Howard Stern on Demand and is currently wrapping up a tour of the country doing stand-up as part of the Killers of Comedy tour, alongside Stern regulars Reverend Bob Levy, Artie Lange, Jim Florentine, and others. *Penthouse* talked with Governale about his preference for old-school peep shows, his unique relationship with Stern-show cohort Richard Christy, and the key to a quality prank phone call.

What's the filthiest thing you've seen in your three years with the Stern show?

Siobhan sitting on High Pitch Mike's face. I use the word "it" with Siobhan, because Siobhan is truly neither a man nor a woman. Born a boy, this creature had his penis surgically removed and

replaced with a man-made vagina. He, or it, is now just a scar on humanity. One of our regulars, High Pitch Mike, let Siobhan sit on his face for a 50-inch TV. That image—of that infectious, vile private region sitting on Mike's face—well, it haunts me.

Siobhan is just one of the many "wack packers" that appear regularly on the Stern show. Who's your favorite?

Beetlejuice. He is the coolest black, retarded, pinheaded midget I know. Last week, we shared a hotel room together in Florida for a Killers of Comedy show. The first thing he does is run to the bathroom and cover himself in shaving cream from head to toe. Mind you, Beetle doesn't have a single strand of hair on his entire body. So the bathroom's a fucking mess, covered in shaving cream, and he takes out a pack of 30 razors he bought at the duty-free shop in the airport. I walk in, and the bathroom's a war zone. Beetle looks like Black Santa Claus with every part of his body covered in white foam. He's shaving with two razors at once, just going at it, and tells me to get the fuck out. I come back ten minutes later, and he's finished—no more shaving cream on him. Of course, I see that both razors still had the plastic covers on them.

You're always on the road with him. There must be a million more stories.

Hanging with Beetlejuice is like being on Vicodin and cocaine 24 hours a day. A few months ago, we went out to a Chinese restaurant, and he's holding the menu upside down, screaming in gibberish about being Muhammad Ali's and Joe Frazier's trainer. I ask him what he wants to eat, and he says, "chicken." I tell him the only





"People are so shocked that I still go to the XXX booths. The way I see it, why drop \$300 on a meal when you can spend \$1.50 for a delicious hot dog on the street?"

chicken on the menu is dragon chicken. He says, "Fuck that. I don't eat no dragon."

Not many people still frequent the XXX peep shows in Times Square, but you do. What's the allure?

People are so shocked that I still go to the XXX booths. The way I see it, why drop \$300 on a meal when you can spend \$1.50 for a delicious hot dog on the street? It's jack-off express. I have a long history with the peep shows, and really see no reason to abandon them. There's a whole ritual. I go to the Sbarro's across the street and get three napkins. I use one napkin to open the door, one to clean up my mess, and then one to use on the doorknob on the way out. The napkin-doorknob move is important. It's vital. The last thing you want is to get hepatitis from touching a doorknob.

Some people might view your career choice—to leave a high-paying Wall Street job to be an assistant on the Stern show—as a foolish one. Your thoughts?

I see tits, midgets, retard; play anal-ring toss; and am told to do whatever it takes to piss off my boss every morning. And I'm paid to do it. Call me crazy, but I'd rather do that than manage some 80-year-old bat's 401(k).

Do you ever bump into your old Wall Street colleagues?

I do, and it can be awkward. A few weeks ago, I bumped into a guy I used to be on the trading desk with. He said, "Hey, Sal, how are things? I heard you licked another guy's taint. Is that true?" I kinda nodded and then asked him how the wife and kids were.

You have an interesting relationship with your on-air partner in crime, Richard Christy. Is there any part of his body you haven't touched, licked, or smelled?

The head of his penis. I've never gone there. But I have licked his taint and dressed his penis shaft up as Howard Stern, curly hair and all. He then dressed my penis shaft up as Gene Simmons. We're very creative.

The prank calls you guys do are pretty incredible. What's the key to a good one?

We take a lot of pride in those calls. We spend an absurd amount of time surfing the classifieds sections of newspapers all over the South. Someone's selling a wheelbarrow in Georgia? A guy's looking to unload a dozen bales of hay in Alabama? That's the stuff we look for.

Artie Lange was all over the news this spring for attacking his assistant on air. What was that like?

You know the YouTube clip of the elephant going insane in the circus and attacking his trainers? It was like that, only you had a hideous, horse-toothed monkey trying to stop the elephant. The hideous, horse-toothed monkey was our producer, Gary "Baba Booey" Dell'Abate.

What's the average *Howard Stern Show* groupie like?

She's 165 pounds, wears a shirt two sizes too small, and has a husband who's more attractive than her. But she's got a great sense of humor. Oh, and she probably sucks a mean dick, too. OH

Governale wraps the Killers of Comedy tour on September 20. His website is HorseToothJackass.com.



Amanda Huggenkiss, Mike Hunt, and I.P. Freeley

The top-five prank phone calls by Sal the Stockbroker and Richard Christy

5 "The Funeral Home" The boys call a funeral home and try to have their deceased grandfather—"Bongos the Clown"—put in a casket, then placed in a dunk tank for a "closed-door ceremony" in which kids can throw balls at a target and dump Grandpa's casket into a tub of water.

The kicker: The funeral director: "I'm having a hard time with this conversation because it's so out of left field. It's so out there."

4 "George Takei and His Dry Oatmeal" Sal and Richard take prerecorded clips of former *Star Trek* actor George Takei coughing, cursing, and requesting dry oatmeal, and call a local deli. Over and over. And over again.

The kicker: Deli owner: "I only have oatmeal from the box! Fuck you."

3 "Richard and His Wheelbarrow" Richard calls a woman who's placed an ad for a yard sale and asks about "the wheelbarrow." After being told seven times that the wheelbarrow has been sold, he inquires about the leather chair. The woman tells him the leather chair has been sold, too. Richard then asks when he can come see the wheelbarrow.

The kicker: Richard, calling the woman back a few minutes later: "Hi, ma'am. I just got off the phone with my grandson. He wanted me to ask you how many wheels are on the wheelbarrow."

2 "Sal Whistles His Pizza Order" Sal calls a pizza place and explains that he's a professional whistler set to appear on *The Tonight Show With Johnny Carson* and that he'd like to whistle his order. The man stays on the phone far longer than you'd expect.

The kicker: Pizza guy: "Meatball Parmesan?"

1 "Iama Cocksucka" In the time-honored tradition of Bart Simpson and 12-year-old boys everywhere, Sal calls a grocery store and gets the guy who answers the phone to say, repeatedly, "Iama Cocksucka."

The kicker: Clerk: "Yeah, it's Iama, Cocksucka." Sal: "And what's the name again? Because I got ten guys working here." Clerk: "Yeah, Iama Cocksucka." Sal: "You are a cocksucker?" Clerk: "Yeah, Cocksucka." Sal: "You're a cocksucker?" Clerk: "Yeah."

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*By Linda Giustino
Photographs
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(\$70; EllieShoes.com)

Scottish Girl
(\$62; Coquette.com)

go for the gold

Justene Jaro is currently beautifying the great state of California, but this Georgia peach misses one big thing about her hometown: "I *love* southern hospitality. Everyone is polite, and very laid-back. We don't rush around as much down there."

Photographs by Emma Nixon









"I would love to live in Miami. It's sexy, the beach is great, and I love the atmosphere. Everyone is comfortable with their sexuality, and there is so much cultural diversity!"

A photograph of two women on a gold-colored sofa. The woman on the left is lying down, wearing a pink bikini. The woman on the right is sitting, wearing a black dress with a chain detail. They are positioned against a gold-colored wall with a floral pattern.

"I like to vacation anywhere with a beach. I could live the rest of my life in a bikini and be happy. I also really want to go to Japan and Brazil. I'm intrigued by both cultures."





"My astrological sign suits me so well. I'm a Scorpio, and they say Scorpios are emotional, passionate, secretive, compulsive, and sexual. I agree with that 100 percent."





Justene Jaro
Pet of the Month
October 2008

Vital stats:

34D-25-36

24 years old; 5'5"

Hometown:
Atlanta.

What do you do for a living?
Absolutely nothing.

Favorite food:
Fruit and Italian.

Favorite drink:
Vodka cranberry!

Favorite music:
Rap.

What gets you excited?
Kisses on my neck.

What gets you in trouble?
My temper.

Ever been in a physical fight?
Plenty!

Were you a wild teenager?
I never thought of myself as wild. I just
wasn't tame. I did what I wanted.

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How to Hunt

Nothing summons man's ancient instincts like the idea of hunting for food. Unlike changing a flat, running a chainsaw, or assembling a stock portfolio, hunting is the one thing we have in common with our oldest ancestors.

By Gregg Stebben

The trouble with hunting is—and maybe this is as emblematic as anything else of our disconnect from our elders—we no longer agree on how we feel about it. Some guys think it's just plain disgusting to stand on a hilltop and peek through the scope of a high-powered rifle at a doe-eyed doe a mile away and blast her to smithereens. Other guys can't imagine a better way to spend a day. Most of us are someplace in-between, strung up like cheap Mexican ornaments between the eight-point antlers of ambivalence.

HUNTING PROS AND CONS

Guns are good. The thing most guys like most about hunting is the firearms. If you hang in vaguely elitist circles and want to shock the jaded guys at the health club, join the NRA. The organization will send you a three-inch disc you can slap right on your rear window: "Member—National Rifle Association." Put one of those babies on your Suburban and ride through the upmarket neighborhood of people who read *The New York Times*, and you generate serious apoplexy. It can be quite a rewarding feeling, actually.

But if you want to use the guns you own for hunting, you have to consider the downside. Here's a couple of cautions:

Dork dress. When hunting season rolls around, men go out in the forests of Appalachia and the Sierra looking like traffic cones, decked out in orange Day-Glo Elmer Fudd hats and matching vests, wandering around the landscape with guns and hangovers. And speaking of handicaps: Yankees who golf also love to hunt. Why? Wardrobe efficiency. The clothes some guys wear in the woods work perfectly well on the links. But who wants to be one of them?

Dork desperation. A hunter must be willing to endure a massive dose of self-humiliation, self-discipline, and self-abuse in order to gain the upper hand over the wildlife. For instance: A little garlic in your armpits or balsam-fir needles in your pockets will help disguise the smell of a human—a regular stench in any animal's book. Plus, your after-hunting musk is going to drive women practically insane. What a hunting twofer!

Hunter-general's warning. One small upside of hunting is that even as you're trying to increase the health hazards to birds and animals, you can decrease your own, since you can't smoke. Deer can smell a smoldering butt a mile away. They can see it, too: Animals can easily spot that glowing cigarette and the sight of your smoke in the air around you, making you look mysterious, somewhat glamorous, a little dim, and terribly frightening.

Some good news: The woods are full of lazy animals with big appetites. You can buy a recording of Thumper's last moments, believe it or not, and if you play it while standing still at the edge of the woods, you'll get lots of attention. Have a .22 or a 12-gauge handy.

The Final Verdict

While we're pleased to endorse the idea of walking through the woods well-armed, and while most of us wholeheartedly advance the worth of firearms and, for that matter, all objects of any kind that are capable of making large, obnoxious noises—the notion of do-it-yourself butchery leaves many men cold. It's not just the moral problem. After all, most men wear leather belts and eat cheeseburgers—and besides, unless we can reclaim the entire of the earth's surface for critterdom, we have to husband wildlife just as we do other resources. That spells culling to most of us.

No. The problem with hunting—at least for some guys—is what can happen once you're out in the field with gun and ammo. Out there, the problem is that you might actually hit something.





Two Trigger Tips

1. Don't jerk the trigger. You'll lift the rifle and miss your target. Squeeze the trigger smoothly by concentrating on the movement of your finger, not on the movement of the trigger. This requires patience and practice.
2. Take a slow, deep breath, exhale very slowly, then squeeze the trigger at the bottom of the exhale. You'll be less likely to yank the rifle.

HOW TO AVOID SHOOTING YOURSELF IN THE FOOT

However you feel about hunting, hunting hardware is entirely Jake. Let's start with firearms, go through archery, and come out the other side with knives.

The bad news about guns is that you need absolutely no intention of doing evil to have evil happen. A loaded gun in the hands of a guy you can describe only as a loose cannon is trouble-in-waiting. The best safety device to attach to a firearm is a big batch of common sense. Here's a no-brainer safety checklist:

- Figure all firearms are loaded weapons with broken safeties.
- Never point a firearm at anything—or at anybody—unless you are ready to fire. And take a look at what's behind your target, too.
- Don't put your finger on the trigger until you are ready to fire it.
- Never hand a firearm to someone else until you have confirmed that it is unloaded.
- Never carry a gun with the hammer cocked.
- Store guns and ammo in separate, locked places where no children can get them.
- If you need to keep a loaded firearm with you or nearby, buy the safest one that you can find, which should be the one with the most reliable safety.
- You may also want to take the course in basic firearms safety offered by the National Rifle Association.

A RIFLE MAKES A GOOD FIRST GUN

Consider buying a .22-caliber rifle as your first firearm. Relatively quiet, possessing almost no recoil, a rifle capable of shooting a .22-caliber long-rifle cartridge can do almost anything you need to do with a firearm: kill beer cans, eliminate rodents and other pesky critters, dissuade invaders, and vanquish snakes. Even though a .22 is the smallest piece of ammo you can buy, if you fire a .22 long-rifle bullet along a trajectory about 30 degrees above the horizon, it could travel farther than a mile.

Shotguns

With a shotgun, the shot begins to spread out in a V the minute it is released from the barrel, so hitting a target is a kind of approximate thing in which "close" counts, sort of like horseshoes and hand grenades. While the range of a shotgun is much lower than that of a rifle, the odds of hitting the target are much higher because you're sending out hundreds of projectiles instead of one.

Maintenance

Everything from the oil and perspiration of your hands to the weather to gunpowder will start breaking down the beautiful appearance of your new rifle almost from the time you get it home.

Shoot back: Use wood oils and preservatives to keep your gun looking as new as possible.

After each firing, follow this new-rifle cleaning schedule:

Clean it every day for a week.

Clean it once a week for a month.

Clean it once a month forever.

Shotguns are generally used for bird hunting and, again, because you are shooting many bits of shot instead of a single bullet, you don't sight your target. Instead, you lead it. In other words, you aim the shot along a trajectory ahead of the path of your target. The idea is that the target will fly into the shot—not that the shot will hit the target.

The lower the gauge, the heavier the gun. If you're just starting out, use a 12-gauge, the big, heavy cousin of the relatively svelte 16-gauge. When you've got both of those figured, trade up to a 20-gauge. It's like shooting with a lethal feather.

What to Shoot

When you've killed all the grouse and laid low all the pheasants, you've still got two year-round targets: skeet and trap. Think of it as hunting with a scorecard.

Trap shooting. Five shooters stand in a semicircle and take turns shooting at clay pigeons that are tossed into the air in random directions by a catapult. In a round of trap shooting, each man fires five times from each position, for a total of 25 shots. If a guy hits a pigeon, he scores a point.

Skeet. In skeet shooting, the targets come high (from a "high house") and low (from a "low house"). In a typical turn, a pigeon is sent outhigh, then low, then both simultaneously. Each shooter gets a total of 24 shots, not counting the customary extra shot each guy gets after his first miss.

Some places have organized courses through which shooters progress, taking shots at target patterns designed to represent different prey—pheasant, woodcock, turkey, and so on. You keep score. **Caution:** Women are often better at this than men.

In any case, the principle of leading and shooting is the same—and so is the object of the game: killing them targets.

How to Shoot a Clay Pigeon

Stop here for a minute to consider the clay pigeon. Always in season, easy to shoot, lousy to eat. Life is full of such compromises, and as compromises go, this isn't a terrible one. But what if they were not only lousy to eat, but hard to shoot? Here's how to prevent a good sport from turning into a bad deal.

Armed golf. Shooting clays is like golf with firearms. You want to start relaxed and stay relaxed. Begin by facing the area where you think it's most likely your shot will meet the clay. Then rotate your hips, like a batter, to face the launch area. Hold your shotgun with your right hand comfortably on the butt grip; when the clay is launched, "mount" the gun by bringing it up to your shoulder and supporting the barrel with your left hand. If you haven't shot for a while, you might want to practice this crucial move a few times before you call for your first clay.

Clay Martians. Once you feel relaxed and ready, yell, "Pull!"—at which time your wife, daughter, neighbor, somebody, will fling a small clay target up against the sky. This is where the whole enterprise goes video, since shooting a clay pigeon is like nothing other than shooting a space invader. You watch the path of the target while swinging your gun up and along that same path of flight. At the same time, you mount the shotgun. At the moment the shotgun comes to your shoulder, you should be leading the target by a breath and a half. Now pull the trigger.

Be a hoser. After you squeeze the trigger, don't stop! Think of your shotgun as a garden hose spraying a stream of water along



You, too, can follow in the footsteps of rocker Ted Nugent, the self-appointed spokesman for old-school bow hunting.

Bow Care

Because their usefulness depends on their "freshness," or the degree to which they can maintain their shape, bows have to be used and stored with care.

- Remove the string when you aren't using the bow.
- Hang it horizontally across a couple of pegs.
- Protect it with furniture wax if you're going to be using it in wet weather.
- Dry it after wet-weather use.
- Warm it up, especially if you're using it in cold air.

the flight line of the clay. As you fire the shot, continue leading the target; this follow-through technique will make all the difference between a hit and a miss. Or between a miss and a near-miss. With a little practice, you'll be breaking clay pigeons faster than a senator can say, "Filibuster!"

■ HOW TO OWN SHERWOOD FOREST

You take a dose of green politics, an affection for wishful romanticism, and a decent bow-and-arrow rig, and you've got everything you need to create Robin Hood, an Old Democrat if ever there was one. Add a bunch of federal regs and a health-care motive for stealing from the rich, and you've got a New Democrat. Either way, start with the right bow.

How to Select a Bow

When buying a bow, the important thing to consider is the "draw weight"—the number of pounds of energy that are required to draw a 28-inch arrow. Here's how to tell if you have the correct bow weight: Pull the bow back to a full draw and hold it for ten seconds. If you start shaking before the ten seconds are up, you need to drop down to a lower-weight bow. Most archery rookies start with a 30- or 40-pounder.

If you plan to hunt with the bow, get one with as much weight as you can handle. The more weight to the bow, the more speed and penetrating power to the arrow shot from it. If what you want to hunt is a large animal—say, a deer—you're going to need at least a 50-pound bow, at least in most states.

How to String a Bow

One way: Put one end of the bow on the ground against your foot and push down on the opposite end. Once the bow is flexed enough, slip the string over the end and into the notch.

Another way: Use a bow stringer—a piece of rope, usually nylon, with leather pockets at each end. Slip the pockets over the ends of the bow, then hold the bow parallel to the ground, with the stringer down. Put your foot in the middle of the stringer cord and lift up on the bow by the handle. Slip the string over both ends of the bow and into the nocks. The advantage of a bow stringer is that it puts the same amount of pressure on both sides of the bow.

How to Find a Straight Arrow

Get good ammo. Aluminum arrows stink. If you use them when hunting, they make a racket and scare the wildlife. If you hit something hard with them, they're shot. Fiberglass is a better choice—better penetration, longer life, quieter travel.

Your choice of arrows should be as precise as your choice of bows. In arrows, as in some other aspects of life, length is everything. In fact, you can tell how long a guy's arrow is by measuring the distance, fingertip to fingertip, between his outstretched arms.

■ HOW TO SELECT A KNIFE

Avoid collector's knives, unless, of course, you're a collector. The knife that looks good and the knife that works well are often two

The four-step waltz with knife maintenance

1. When it gets wet, dry it.
2. When you put it away, oil it.
3. When you sheath it, avoid leather. Leather pits metal.
4. Once you have it sharp, keep it sharp.



different knives. For instance, any blade over five or six inches long is probably too big to be of much use.

Wooden handles handle best. Knives with a solid metal handle look great, but a metal handle will get slippery when wet and cold when it gets cold. Wood is a much better material for making a knife useful under difficult conditions.

Here's what to look for:

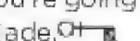
Durability. How is the handle of the knife attached to the blade? Bolts are best.

Cosmetics. Does the blade have a lot of fancy design work on it? If so, think again, for many manufacturers put more attention into the fancy scrollwork on the blade than into the design of the knife.

Assembly. Look at the guard, where the blade meets the handle. Is there a gap between the blade and guard or the guard and the handle? Shouldn't be.

Finish. The shinier the blade, the higher the quality.

Operation. If it's a folding knife, listen when you open and close it. You should hear a click when the blade snaps into each position. When the blade is closed, the handle should cover the blade completely, except for the small reveal where the nail slot is located. When the knife is open, you shouldn't be able to wiggle the blade back and forth.

Size and fit. Finally, how does it feel in your hand? If you're going to own only one knife, make it one with a three-inch blade. 

From *The Man's Manual*, by Gregg Stebben. Copyright 2008. Used with the permission of Skyhorse Publishing.

Trigger Happy

Hunting is in many ways a dying sport (pun intended) in the United States, as modern sensibilities and growing suburbanization have resulted in more families mothballing their household arsenals. But for those few who still enjoy the thrill of the chase, times have rarely been so good. Fewer hunters means less competition, and less competition means higher success rates—and a bigger bag. And to top it all off, the equipment just gets better and better. These are all well worth taking out into those blessedly uncrowded woods, fields, and waterways.

SAKO A7

This is a more affordable version of the venerable Finnish gun maker's Sako 85 series (\$1,700 and up). The A7 comes with an ergonomic stock, an adjustable trigger, and a three-round detachable magazine—along with a little something extra that most firearm companies would never offer: an accuracy guarantee that each rifle can place five shots within one inch at 100 yards (if it fails, it doesn't leave the factory). A wide variety of calibers is offered, but the .30-06 SPRG is one of the best bets: It'll put a lethal hole in just about any living creature in North America—with the possible exception of an escaped circus elephant. Or Chuck Norris. (\$850; SakoA7.net)

BERETTA ALTA TECNYS GOLD

This semiautomatic with a gold-plated self-lubricating trigger, laser checkering, and state-of-the-art corrosion protection is a looker and a shooter in both 12- and 20-gauge. A nickel-plated receiver and walnut stock add to the high-quality feel. For those with tender shoulders, the Teknys Gold features a recoil-absorbing Gel-Tek pad, and it can also be fitted on request with a spring-mass recoil-reduction system. And at not much more than six pounds, all models are light enough to carry around all day. (\$1,995 with carrying case; Beretta.com)

TRIJICON ACCUPOINT RIFLE SCOPES

Trijicon likes to say, "Our success on the battlefield now means your success on the hunting field." Nowhere is that more true than in its AccuPoint line. These self-luminous scopes provide ideal aiming in low light or heavy foliage, making the first shot count at any time of day—whether it's evenings spent running after insurgents or mornings seeking mule deer. And with its Bindon Aiming Concept (developed by the company's founder, Glyn Bindon, several years ago but only now available to civilians), you can keep both eyes wide open, leading to a dramatic improvement in field of view and overall sense of balance. (\$700 to \$950; Trijicon.com)

Now that we've given you the basic rules of picking up the best gear for picking off the local wildlife, it's time to get in your face with our favorites.

By William Spain





WALKER'S GAME EAR DIGITAL DIRECTIONAL

Even an unassisted ear might hear a bear shit in the woods, but this sucker could probably pick up a squirrel fart—in high definition. The digital, programmable, omnidirectional microphones in the front and rear of the unit can be set independently to home in on every snap, crack, or rustle, and can block out background noise or the sound of a sharp report at the same time. In other words, it amplifies soft sounds, but not the big booms, up to nine times the normal range, protecting your hearing as it enhances it. Plus, you can immediately brag to your buddies about your kill, as an internal induction coil hooks into wireless digital phones and walkie-talkies. (\$960; WalkersGameEar.com)

TAKE DOWN SUPREME TRADITIONAL BOW

Attila would be proud. Composite bows first came West out of the steppe with the Hunnish hordes, who used them to raise hell in Europe. And while the TakeDown Supreme is not exactly a composite, it blends several exotic woods and fiberglass into a nostalgic experience replete with both beauty and performance. Bear Archery claims it is the finest traditional it has ever built—no small boast for the legendary bowyer. As a bonus, if you get lost in pursuit of quarry, the lovely recurve even has an inlaid compass. (\$1,299; BearArcheryProducts.com)

THERMOLOGIC BOMBER JACKET

This waterproof, breathable tricot jacket won't cover your ass in a Dakota December, but everything between cheeks and chin will be just fine. It's powered by two rechargeable 7.4-volt lithium batteries, and can crank to 85 degrees for four hours or a feverish 110 for two. It has plenty of pockets for ammo, jerky, and a flask or two, should even more artificial heat be desired, and if you take out the heating units, it's washing-machine-safe. A wide variety of colors is available, from mossy oak to camouflage to blaze orange. (\$200; ThermologicGear.com)

SPYDERCO ROCK SALT BY EDD SCHAFFER

The Rock Salt packs a veritable Long Dong Silver-ian 10.5 inches—more than six of them on the blade—of rustproof, nitrogen-infused steel, making it as useful for slicing up camp steaks as it is for playing high-stakes mumblety-peg. A skeletonized handle keeps the weight down to a mere 9.2 ounces and the balance just so. The shape is inspired by the Khukri, a weapon traditionally carried by the Gurkhas, who rank among the most ferocious warriors in Asia. And if you buy it to compensate for other shortcomings, never fear: The company helpfully points out that the jimping (those notches on the back of the blade that provide better thumb control) "keeps the whole thing grippy even in smaller hands." (\$380 with sheath; Spyderco.com)



ladies in waiting

Brea Bennett and Nicole Graves are cooling their heels before their photo shoots... until they decide to warm up together. Of course, with these two, things quickly get hot and steamy.

Photographs by Misha

















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Hidden Wounds

Should victims of combat stress be considered for the Purple Heart? Increasing numbers of veterans say the answer is a resounding "Yes!"

By Matthew Currier Burden

Earlier this year, Secretary of Defense Robert M. Gates visited the Recovery and Resilience Center at Fort Bliss, Texas, where he met combat veterans being treated for post-traumatic stress disorder, a mental illness that, because it strikes victims at different times in their lives, makes it impossible to predict how many of the 1.6 million veterans from Iraq and Afghanistan might experience it.

The day after his visit to Fort Bliss, Gates was asked if the Department of Defense would consider awarding the Purple Heart to soldiers with PTSD. "It's an interesting idea," he replied. "It is clearly something that needs to be looked at."

Gates's comments may have appeared to be cautious, but they set off a blazing debate among military people. The Purple Heart is one of our nation's highest honors, and it has traditionally been awarded for physical wounds received in combat. It was originally conceived in 1782 as the Badge of Merit by General George Washington, who intended it to be awarded for battlefield distinction (to include wounds received at the hands of the enemy). In 1932, the War Department designed the now-familiar medal, which—in the words of the Military Order of the Purple Heart (an organization composed exclusively of Purple Heart veterans)—is bestowed on "members of the armed forces of the U.S. who are wounded by an instrument of war in the hands of the enemy and posthumously to the next of kin in the name of those who are killed in action or die of wounds received in action. It is specifically a combat decoration."

Many in the military—and their families—were outraged that being "stressed out" might be seen as equivalent to being wounded or even killed in battle. But others—especially many Vietnam veterans—welcomed the Pentagon's realization that a combat wound need not necessarily be physical.

Moreover, many within the senior levels of warrior care in our government feel that it's vitally important to make PTSD less stigmatized. They believe that issuing a Purple Heart to soldiers diagnosed with PTSD will help remove the prejudice against those with mental illness who seek therapy. (To this end, Gates recently announced that combat veterans would no longer have to disclose that they received treatment for combat stress on their security-clearance applications.)

So, can combat-stress-related traumas be accepted as the equivalent of physical wounds received in combat? When I first thought about the question, I was skeptical—like many military people who wrote to me.



A Marine and Iraq veteran e-mailed, "It's too easy to fake having PTSD to even think of awarding a Purple Heart."

An army sergeant, a veteran of Iraq, wrote, "We're going to award the Purple Heart for what?! Courage in getting therapy!"

But a Vietnam vet disagreed: "I did three tours in the central highlands and I've seen men put in for Purple Hearts that didn't deserve them. If a vet has PTSD and was proved to have been in combat, he should receive a Purple Heart."

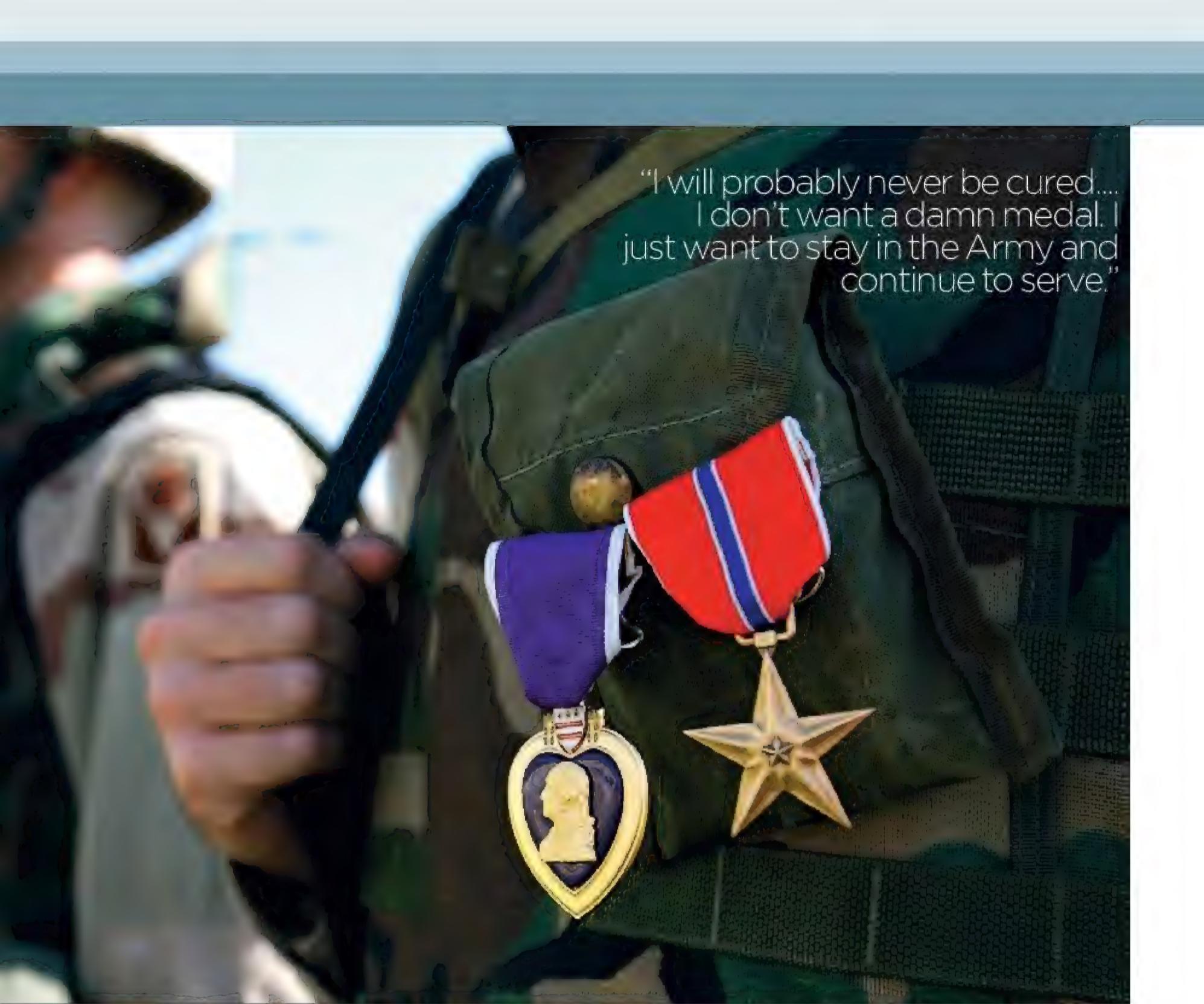
Another Vietnam veteran backed this up: "I've got PTSD. If you don't have it, you have no idea what I go through every day. Who is to say I don't deserve a Purple Heart?"

And one sergeant first class who had been diagnosed with PTSD said he didn't even want a Purple Heart. "That means you got sloppy and got shot. I don't think that a medal will erase the stigma of PTSD. That's [an issue] society at large [has to deal with]."

A military officer and psychiatrist explained, "PTSD can take a long time to diagnose properly. It takes even longer, sometimes a lifetime, to treat. Mental wounds are just as real and painful as physical wounds."

But the words of a friend of mine, from Tacoma, Washington, made me reconsider my initial feelings. "You know about my physical wounds," he wrote, "but we haven't talked about the other ones—the wounds that no one can see."

"There is no question that I suffer from post-traumatic stress



"I will probably never be cured....
I don't want a damn medal. I
just want to stay in the Army and
continue to serve."

disorder. On four separate occasions over two tours in Iraq, I thought that I was going to die in combat. Somehow, somehow, I survived....

"After I came home the last time, I became very short-tempered (especially with my family and children). I don't sleep much anymore and when I do it's not sound. I wake up at every little noise—feet on the floor in an instant, ready for the latest attack or emergency.

"When I'm out at a store or mall or any public place, I am hyper-vigilant of all that goes on around me, and large groups of people make me so nervous that my hands shake visibly. I shudder when going under overpasses on the highway. I wince when I drive by garbage or containers on the side of the road. Memories of sudden explosions or highway ambushes continue to haunt me....

"A few of us cannot function anymore. Most of us are fine ... for now. And that is the problem. We don't know what might change in how we deal with PTSD.

"PTSD is something that we have to learn to live with. Or, more logically, we will have PTSD until we die."

His words made me recall what an Army National Guard soldier had told me about a conversation he had with a military

counselor, which I recounted in my book, *The Blog of War*:

I needed to fix myself and so here I was. A month plus after I had arrived back home. Out of Iraq. I looked long and hard out the window ... my mind blank. Just what do I want out of this?

Images flashed through my mind.

[An Army sergeant] in the black body bag, his eyes glazed over, like dead fish in the supermarket, the medics had tried to intubate him, to save his life, knowing he was already dead the second the sniper's bullet shattered his heart.

The old man, as he got out of the red BMW I had destroyed with the M240, his left arm flopping beside him, the elbow blown away—by me—he must have walked a dozen steps before he crumpled to the asphalt, the sun hot, the light intense and bright in the Middle Eastern sky, like the f-stop on the world's aperture had been set too high.... "What do I want out of this?" As I considered the question, I watched the IED explode again, engulfing the vehicle in a brown cloud of dust tinged with black.

"I want to be, you know, normal again. Whatever the fuck that means.... Like I was ever normal."

An Army sergeant and graduate of the Recovery and Resilience Center at Fort Bliss gets the final word: "I graduated but I will probably never be cured. I will probably have to take meds, get therapy, deal with depression, anger, nightmares, and harmful thoughts for the rest of my life. I don't want a damn medal. I just want to stay in the Army and continue to serve." 

Paying Lip Service

Cunnilingus is one of the most daunting sexual tasks for a man. It's an unfair fact of life, but there's more variation among gals than guys, so there are no set moves that guarantee her orgasm.

By Em & Lo • Illustrations by Chris Hiers

Not counting Japanese rope bondage, going down is about as complicated as sex gets. For some women, cunnilingus feels more intimate than intercourse. For others—especially teens, adulterers, and people saving themselves for marriage—it barely even counts. For some, it's an afterthought, and for others, it's an orgasm essential.

Can't we all just get along?

Of course we can! When it comes to oral, everyone's right every now and then (or at least most of us are). Sometimes oral sex feels so intimate, you'd swear you just melded souls. Other times, it's the kind of get-the-job-done act that's tailor-made for a booty call. Sometimes going down is a selfless gift—and other times it's a heady thrill. And, yes, sometimes it's just about returning the favor.

You've gotta learn to overcome any prejudices, bad habits, or self-defeating mantras that are holding you back from enjoying giving and/or receiving. After all—unlike with Japanese rope bondage—a lack of southern attention, in either direction, might just be a relationship deal breaker.

Does oral administration feel like a job—and you're the underling? Then don't wait to be asked: Initiating has been scientifically proven to make you feel 57 percent more in charge. Fantasize about who you are down there. Or just use bondage: their hands bound, your mouth on their genitals... now who's the underling?

Are you a wallflower, shying away from any one-sided, put-upon-a-pedestal attention? Are you always bickering over whose turn it is? Do you tend to be a chronic giver in the bedroom? Then try a sixty-nine to level the playing field!

Does your other half not like the sensation? Well, reciprocation doesn't have to mean a begrudging "ten minutes for me, ten for you." If she hates cunnilingus and he'd be happy to accept blowjobs for every birthday, national holiday, and weekday from here to the retirement home, he can find another way to return the favor—extended handwork, her favorite position, a 20-minute massage, etc. And remember: Reciprocation doesn't have to be immediate—unless it's a one-night stand.

Squeamish? Then shower first—or go down in the shower. That said, aficionados will recommend a shower that's recent (an hour or two), but not too recent (mere minutes), if you'd rather taste your partner than her shower gel.

■ GETTING STARTED

In recent decades there's been a much-welcomed focus on oral sex as the key to a woman's orgasm, but that's sput a hell of a lot of pressure on men. And frankly, there are plenty of women out there who could take or leave cunnilingus. So lower your expectations, cut yourself some slack, and just enjoy yourself. This is one of those sex acts that's more about the journey than the destination.

Mind-set: First, you've gotta get in the right frame of mind: Remove selfishness from your vocabulary, cover all the clocks, and become a rainy-day New Age sensualist (no ponytail necessary). Now you need to make sure her head is in the game, too; otherwise all your efforts will be for naught. If she tends to stress



out about reciprocation, try heading south when there's no time for her to respond in kind (like, right before a movie). Or tell her that for the next half-hour you are her love slave. Make sure there is no possibility of interruption. And if she still can't stop worrying about your penis, then tie her up so she's got no choice (with her consent, of course).

Prepping: If you think she's worried about hygiene (or you are), shower together or run her a relaxing bath. If you've got a pubic-hair preference, don't heighten her insecurities with demands. Instead, phrase everything in positives ("It would be so hot if..."), offer to do any trimming yourself as a sex game, and be willing to sport the same hairstyle. (And remember, contrary to widespread belief, the French and seventies porno styles can be sexy, too.) Speaking of trimming, you might want to check on your beard situation: A few-days-old soft growth might feel kind of good, but a mean five o'clock shadow might end up sandpapering her labia.

Taking a Stance: If you're attempting an orally induced orgasm, chances are you're going to be here for a while, so get comfortable. Encourage her to lie back on a bed or comfy chair with a pillow under her hips. You can kneel between her legs or on the floor (put a pillow under your knees). But if control (rather than relaxation) is what gets her to her happy place, then she might want to straddle your face or even stand over you. For something a little novel, try approaching her from behind (ask first!): She can still relax and moan into a pillow, and you'll have an all-areas access pass—though you'll probably need to bring in your fingers or a toy to properly address the clitoral head.

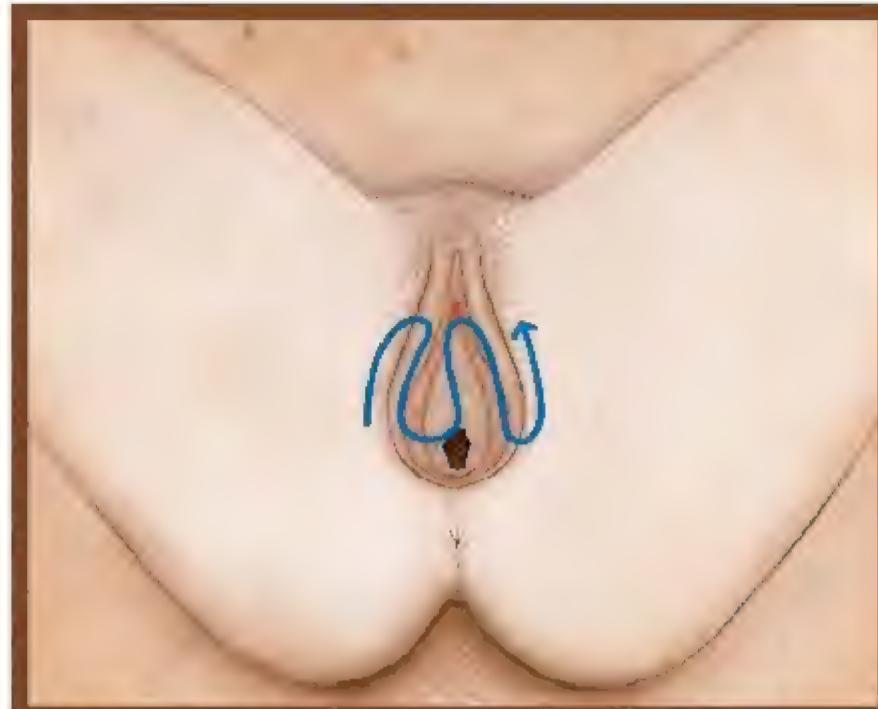
Fluffing Her Up: Nuzzle, kiss, nibble, lick, and suck the outlying areas—her mouth, breasts, stomach, inner thighs, mons—gradually closing in on your ultimate target. Gently spread her legs as your fingers get closer. Lightly run your hands over her vulva and through her pubic hair (if she has any). Cup your arms under her thighs or bum to pull her close to you. Breathe over her entire vulva (but never blow into her orifices—it's dangerous).

Communicating: Besides telling her how good she tastes and smells, ask for feedback, at least until you learn what she loves. And as with manual sex, tune into her nonverbal cues: She pushes into you ("nice job!"); she really pushes into you ("harder!"); she grips the sheets or arches her back ("brilliant job!"); she grips your head in her thighs ("don't change a thing"); she squeezes her thighs and holds your head in her hands ("I'm coming"), assuming she's not a faker.

■ GETTING FINISHED

The closer you get to the clitoris, the more women are going to vary in terms of the kind of stimulation they enjoy and how long they'll enjoy it—so the more techniques you've got to try out, the better. That's what we're here for!

Lollipopping: When it's time for tongue, start by French-kissing her vulva. Bury your face. Use your nose as a stimulation tool (this move is also a good one to return to later, when your tongue may need a break). Then get everything really wet with a wide, flat, soft tongue. Keep your jaw relaxed and lick slowly from her vaginal entrance up to her clitoris—or even longer, from her perineum up to her pubic bone. Lick up the center then down again, lick up and down either side, and go side to side, too. Spread her labia with your lips or tongue. Hold each set of her lips between your lips and run your tongue between the inner and outer labia, first one side then the other. Or pull her lips into your mouth and suck on them. You may graze the clitoral head with these broad strokes, but don't pause just yet: She'll probably



THE ROLLER COASTER Starting on the left, take your tongue up the outer lip and down between the outer and inner lip, then up and down over the vaginal opening, crossing the clitoris, then down between the opposite set of lips and up again.

Cunnilingus can be a hard day's night, and there's no shame in turning to props. A vibrator can give your tongue a break.

need to be much more aroused for that.

Going in: You're not painting a wall here, so you'll probably need a little more in your arsenal than a soft, wide tongue, no matter how well the two of you "communicate." But wait until she's pushing into you, physically begging you, before you go any deeper with your tongue. During your long, slow tongue strokes, start dipping your tongue inside as you pass over the vaginal opening. Remember, it's the outer third of the vagina that is most likely to respond to friction and pressure, so there's no need to pull a muscle trying to get all the way in there. Just circle your tongue around the opening and move it in and out. If she seems to want a little more in terms of penetration (there we go again with that communication), bring in a finger or three while your tongue continues on the outside: Move your fingers in and out using short but firm strokes, or keep them inside, rubbing against her G spot—basically, try anything you learned in the manual sex chapter, excerpted in the September issue. Move your tongue and fingers in sync if you can.

Coming to a Head: As you get closer to the clitoral head, keep in mind what a sensitive little thing it is and be gentle, at least at first: Some women never want direct stimulation of the clitoris, while others can't seem to get enough of it. Remember that the more you tease and the more turned on she is, the more stimulation she'll be able to take. Keep your licking very light until she pushes into you for more. Some women prefer to have their clitoris attended to over the hood, so ask first if she'd like you to try pulling it back a bit for more exposure. Experiment with what feels best to her over and around her clitoral head: a soft, wider tongue technique or a stiff, pointy one. Never let the area get dry. Feel free to roam, but keep coming back to this focal point, taking cues from her all along the way—ultimately, she'll probably want you to stay put once you've found something that works. For some tongue-specific moves that address the clitoris, see the illustrations. Then try these, too:



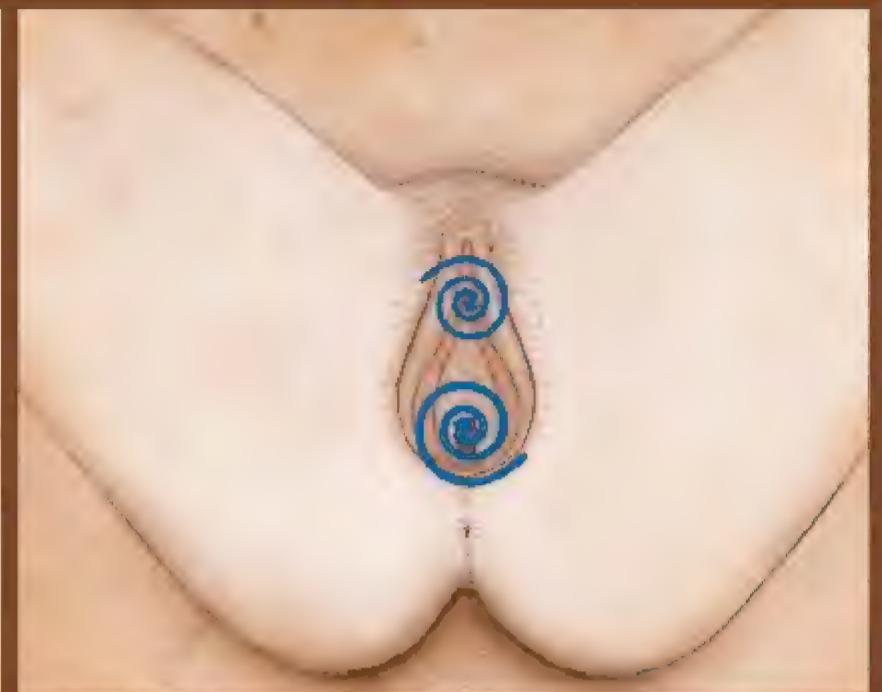
THE LAZY EIGHT For the upper half of the "8," swirl your tongue over the clitoral hood, stimulating the shaft; for the lower half, alternate between short loops that cross the urethral or vaginal opening and longer loops that cross the perineum.

- Lick in circles around the clitoris, up and down either side, then up and down over it, or from left to right.
- Try tracing the alphabet over her clitoris with your tongue if it helps keep you focused.
- As with the labia, you can suck on her clitoris, too: Pull it into your mouth and suck and lick gently, maybe flicking your tongue over and around it.
- Place the tip of your tongue on the hood and move your tongue in circles without moving off the clitoral head.
- Apply a firm, pulsating pressure with a wide tongue.

Tricky Techniques: Whether you're covering the entire vulva or honing in on the clitoris, anything you tried with your hand can be tried with your tongue. You can also:

- Shake your head back and forth with a slightly stiff tongue.
- Nibble with caution—and if she loves it, then nibble with slightly less caution: the inner thighs, the labia, the mons, even, eventually, the clitoral head (gently).
- Try some deep, guttural moans; the vibration may have a pleasing effect. Plus, she'll know you're happy to be there.
- And don't forget that your fingers can do more than just penetrate: Dip them into her mouth, play with her labia while your tongue is elsewhere, gently tug on her labia and pubic hair, pull up on her mons or rub it in a circular motion, let your hands stray to her nipples, her perineum, or her anus (but never before the fingers-in-the-mouth move).
- Three sensitive spots not to overlook: where the inner labia meet, just under the clitoral head; the area around the urethral opening; and her perineum.

Props: Cunnilingus can be a hard day's night, and there's no shame in turning to props. You can help things along with edible lube, either flavored or, if you don't have a sweet tooth, tasteless. A hint of strawberry or pineapple may help her relax about how she tastes. (Choose a glycerin-free product if she's prone to infection.) A vibrator can give your tongue a break—try bullet vibes, finger vibes, a vibrating dildo, or a G spot vibe if that's her thing. You can even try a gimmicky oral vibrator in your mouth, though the teeth-rattling effect may not be worth it (to say nothing of the choking hazard!). If she likes a little backdoor action during oral sex and you don't want to reserve a lubed finger for that purpose, insert a small, lubed butt plug instead. For novelty, try a mint in your



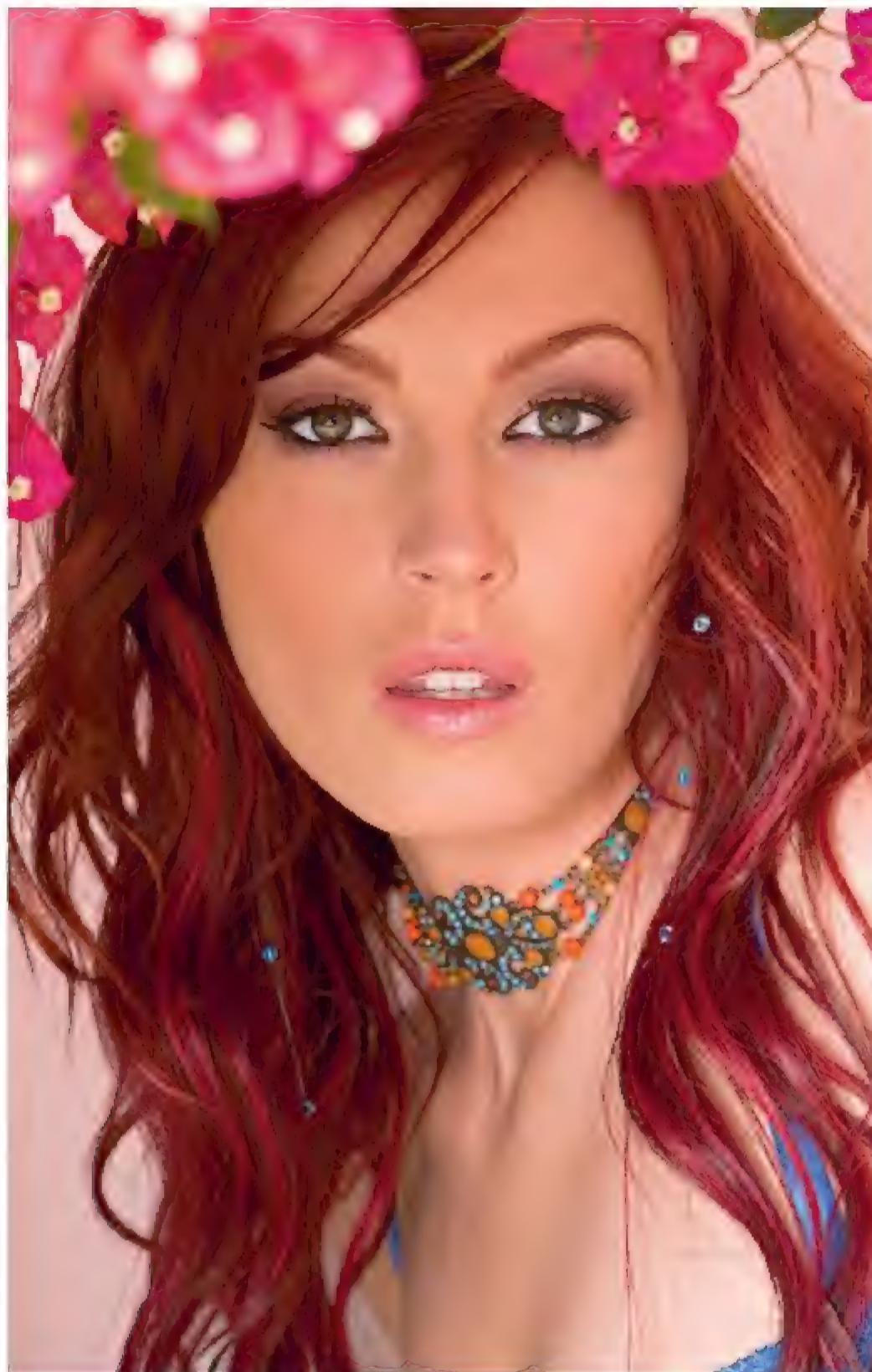
THE DOUBLE SWIRL Move your tongue in ever-decreasing circles, first around (and closing in on) the vaginal opening and then around (and closing in on) the clitoral head. Feel free to roam but keep coming back to these focal points.

mouth, or a sip of hot tea or ice water before or during the session. **Rhythm Is Going to Get Her:** The key to good cunnilingus is patience and a steady stroke. In general (though we hate to generalize), women tend to like firm pressure and a repetitive motion. You can build up speed and pressure slightly as she gets more turned on—but if she pulls back, so should you. Chances are, quick, sporadic tongue flicking is not going to push her over the edge. And when she moans, that's not necessarily a cue to speed up—no matter what it means when you do it yourself during a blowjob. If you've figured out the rhythmic key that unlocks her orgasm, then during build-up you can sometimes even go in the opposite direction: get her almost there, then back off, then repeat, so that when she does finally climax, it's really *\$#!**. If her orgasms are more elusive, keep doing exactly what you're doing until she's yelling *\$#!**.

The Happy Ending: With any luck, all this oral attention will lead somewhere very good. But if it doesn't, don't feel down—while some women like you to go all the way with it, others prefer cunnilingus as foreplay. At this close range, you should have a pretty good idea when she's coming. Remember, her orgasms may last longer than yours, so don't stop until she releases you. She may want you to keep up the exact same motion all the way through her final shudder—or she may just want you to pull her in tight and provide firm pressure. If you forget to ask how she likes it, don't worry: We're pretty sure she'll grab you with her hands and guide you. If she doesn't, ask her the next time. And if you can't seem to achieve the desired effect, be prepared to throw in the towel when she suggests it. Because if you've applied all the above advice, then—no matter the orgasmic result—you'll have secured your place in the boyfriend hall of fame. 



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poison IVY

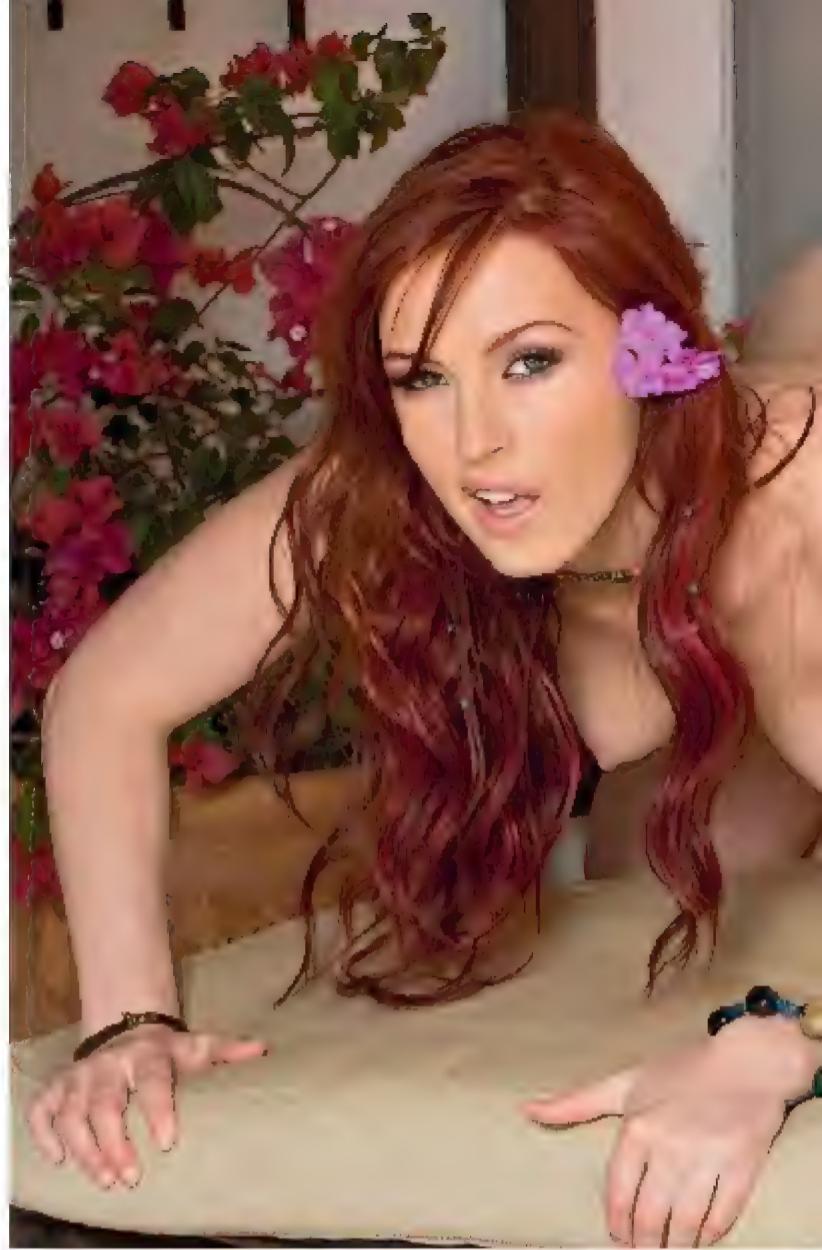
The fiery and feisty Alexandra Ivy may look like one of Batman's sexiest nemeses, but she says she's always ready for another kind of hand-to-hand combat. "I like to fuck anytime, anyplace!"

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





"My first on-screen sex scene is still one of my favorites. A hot redhead ate my pussy—mmm—for sooo long.... I still get excited just thinking back on it."





"I like girls a lot, but I like guys, too. When it comes to partners, I don't discriminate based on gender. It all comes down to personality. Wait, scratch that—it's all about the sex!"









“I had a thing for a teacher at my high school, and had very hot fantasies about him. Then I was banging a guy in his thirties for a while. One night with him, I came seven times! That’s why I love older guys.”

"I pleasure myself a few times a week, sometimes in the weirdest places. The most unusual was on the stationary bike at the gym. I tried to be discreet, but once I got aroused, I just couldn't resist rubbing myself against the seat."



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Wildcat

A hot tale from *Letters to Penthouse XXVIII: Threesomes, Foursomes, and Moresomes*, published by Grand Central Publishing

My wife, Joanna, and I have been married for three years. I'm 29 and she's 26. She is a true knockout, with medium-length blonde hair and a beautiful set of 34C tits. But this story has very little to do with my wife.

Last May, Joanna and I took a trip to Atlantic City. We spent our first day gambling and visiting the sights. We had a late dinner and went back to our casino at about 11 P.M. Joanna went off to play some slot machines, while I sat at a blackjack table. There was one other person at the table, an attractive woman who looked around 40. I said hello, and she introduced herself as Ellie. She said she was in town for a business convention and would be flying back to Cleveland in the morning. I found her very pleasant to talk to, which compensated for the fact that I was losing a lot more than I was winning.

At about 11:45, Joanna came up to me and said she was tired and going up to the room, but she encouraged me to stay. I told her I would be up shortly. She kissed me good night, saying, "Please don't wake me up when you come in."

After she left, Ellie smiled and said, "That's too bad. It looks like tonight's a waste for you." I just chuckled and kept playing.

After another half hour or so, I started getting tired and decided to call it a night. As I started to get up from the table, Ellie said she was going to quit, too. We gathered our stuff and cashed in our chips. I thanked her for the company as we walked toward the elevators, and she smiled and said the pleasure was all hers. At that point I found myself noticing again that she was really attractive. Her figure was quite good, and her frosted brown hair complemented her pretty face.

We waited by the elevator bank, and when a car arrived I let her enter first, then followed. I pressed the

button for 17, my floor, and asked her which floor she was on. She said 20, then reached for the button panel, and before I knew it, she had pressed every button between 6 and 16. Then she looked at me, smiling.

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"Have you ever fucked an older woman?" I shook my head, as I felt a stiffening in my pants. Then she came right up to me and said, "Look, I'm leaving in the morning and I need a hard, young cock, and I know you can take care of me. Your wife is asleep and she will never know. Let me feel you." She reached for the front of my pants and rubbed the bulge.

Meanwhile, the elevator was stopping at every floor. It was late, and no one else got on. I think we were at the 12th floor when I realized that I wasn't about to resist being seduced by this woman. I grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her face to mine, running my tongue deep into her mouth. She kissed me back and her hands were still rubbing my cock through my pants. I couldn't believe I was doing this.

As the elevator got to her floor, I looked her in the eyes and said, "I'm going to fuck you silly."

"Damn right," she said.

We raced to her room, and I was already unbuckling my belt as she fumbled for her key. We entered the room, and I quickly got her on the bed on all fours. I lifted her skirt and pulled off her panties. I felt her pussy, which was already soaking wet. I took my cock out, and she got her first look at my eight inches. "Oh, my God, that is beautiful!" she gasped. "Fuck me with that thing!"

I positioned the head of my cock at the opening of her pussy, and I swear she came on contact. I pulled away and she began to beg, moaning,

"Please fuck me with that thing. Please, I need that young cock in my 52-year-old pussy. Fuck me now!"

I was surprised, as she looked at least ten years younger. I was about to fuck a woman twice the age of my wife, who was sleeping three floors away. For some reason this made me even hotter. I brought my cock to her again and slowly slid it into her body inch by inch.

She whimpered in delight as I started to fuck her with all my skill. Her tight pussy grabbed at my dick as she cried out with every stroke. "Oh yes, Len, that is incredible! Fuck me. Fuck me hard. My pussy is on fire!" I fucked her hard for about ten minutes, and when I couldn't hold off any longer, I pulled out and directed my spew onto her back and ass.

Ellie crumpled on the bed, gasping for breath, and I collapsed next to her. After a moment she reached for my limp cock, saying, "I cannot believe your wife went to sleep. This thing is magnificent!" She wiped some come from my cock and licked her fingers. "I'd bet 30 minutes ago you never thought you'd be fucking a 52-year-old woman while your wife was sleeping," Ellie said. "As soon as she said you shouldn't wake her up, I knew I wanted you to fuck me. But I had no idea you had such a monster dick."

I just smiled and told her that I had fucked my wife the first night I met her, and we'd been fucking our brains out ever since. "She's a lucky woman," Ellie said. "If I had a cock like this available to me, I'd be fucking your brains out, too."

As we lay next to each other, I started to play with Ellie's tits through her shirt, and after a minute she sat up and took off her shirt and bra. As I continued to play with her tits for a few minutes, I felt my cock coming back to life. Ellie saw this and rolled me onto my back.

She mounted me, and looked straight into my eyes as she slid down over my now steel-hard cock. She rocked back and forth like an expert as she fucked me, knowing when to speed up and when to slow the pace. I fucked her back, and the look on her face was one of complete elation and satisfaction. She moaned, "Oh my God, you fill me up so good. You have a gorgeous cock!" When I was about to come, she arched all the way back

I called home and spoke to my wife, with Ellie on her knees in front of me, slowly sucking my cock.



and let me shoot inside her.

By now it was already after two in the morning, and I knew I'd better go. I got dressed, gave Ellie's tits a quick squeeze, thanked her, and left.

I quickly jumped into the shower before lying down next to my wife. But I couldn't stop thinking about Ellie and what had just happened. I'm not sure if I slept at all, but when I looked at the clock it was after six. I was going crazy. I got up and threw on a shirt and a pair of shorts. Before leaving, I left a note for Joanna, saying I was going back to the casino. I left the room and headed for the 20th floor. I went directly to Ellie's room and knocked on the door, and she answered immediately.

"I knew you'd be back," she said, grinning at me. "I just finished packing and I'm going to jump in the shower before I go to catch my plane. Do you want to join me?"

We were both naked in a second, and I pulled her into the bathroom and turned on the water. As soon as we entered the shower I bent her over, lifted her leg, and plowed my eight inches into her from behind.

"God, I knew you would come back," she groaned. "Fuck me like you never left. God, yes!"

I fucked her as hard as I could, and for as long as I could, finally dumping another load of come inside her.

When we got out of the shower and she was getting dressed, I told her that she'd probably sleep well on her flight home. She said, "I've got ten more minutes before I have to leave, and I need you one more time." With that, she dropped to her knees and pulled my cock out of my shorts. For the next ten minutes she worshiped it with her hands, her mouth, and her teeth. I just leaned back and enjoyed. When I felt myself coming, I grabbed her head and shot everything I had left down her throat.

"Damn, Len. You have the most amazing cock!" Ellie panted as she got to her feet. "Your wife is one lucky woman. I'm not going to forget this day." Then she went to her purse and pulled out a business card. "If you're ever in the Cleveland area, give me a call. I swear I'll drop everything and fuck you." I took the card, then kissed her good-bye and wished her well. I went back to my room, where my wife was still sleeping. I washed quickly and got into bed.

For the rest of the weekend, when we weren't gambling, sleeping, or seeing the sights, I was fucking

Joanna's brains out, although much of the time I was thinking about Ellie.

After Joanna and I got home, everything more or less went back to normal. Then, about three months later, I was cleaning out my wallet and came upon the card that Ellie had given me. I decided I would call her to thank her again for the wonderful time.

It was evidently her office number on the card, because when I called, a strange woman answered. When I asked for Ellie, she said she was out of the office. I gave her my name and number, at which point the woman on the other end asked me if I was Len from Atlantic City.

My silence must have given me away. "Let me tell you, Len," the woman said. "Ellie talked about you for two weeks after she got back. By the way, I'm Jean, Ellie's office manager, and she tells me everything. And I do mean everything."

Just then Jean got another call and said she had to go, but that she would leave the message for Ellie.

About an hour later, I received a return call from Ellie. The first thing she said was that she was glad I got to talk to Jean. I told her I was surprised that she had told Jean everything. "I didn't tell her everything," she replied. "I just told her you had a monster dick, and that I wish I'd had more than a few hours with that thing." She asked if I was ever going to come to Cleveland.

I hadn't had any plans to do so, but by the end of the call I had arranged to fly out there the following weekend and meet Ellie at a hotel. I told Joanna that I was going on a golfing trip with some buddies.

When I got to Cleveland I called Ellie, who had already checked into the hotel. She gave me the room number and told me she couldn't wait for me to get there. I told her I had been hard since boarding the plane.

I got to the hotel and found my way to the room. As I got there I saw an envelope taped to the door. I pulled it off and found the room key and a card, which simply read, "Come right in and fuck me till Sunday!"

When I unlocked the door and opened it, the first thing I saw was Ellie sitting in a chair across the room. She was wearing a purple bra with matching garters and hose, and that was all. Her legs were spread wide, with one thigh draped over each chair arm. She looked beautiful.

I started to say hello, but she stopped me. "Forget the formalities,



The three of us lay in bed and fucked and sucked each other in every way we could dream up.

honey. We have this room until noon on Sunday, so get over here and take care of me. It's been more than three months, and I need to be sucked and fucked until the minute we walk out of here. You and that fine dick of yours are going to be taken care of all weekend. Get over here."

I needed no further urging. I took off my shirt and dropped to my knees in front of the chair. Then I grabbed her legs and threw them over my shoulders. "Nylons are my biggest turn-on," I told her. "Now wrap your legs around me and lean back while I eat your pussy. I haven't stopped thinking about you since you left Atlantic City."

I buried myself in her snatch. Immediately Ellie started moaning, "Fuck me with your tongue, Len. Oh my God, you are great!" My wife isn't very vocal, and Ellie's words were a great turn-on. In about two minutes she came like crazy, after which she

collapsed in the chair and said that she was glad to see me.

When she caught her breath she got up, went over to her suitcase, and fumbled through it until she pulled out a pair of black nylons. Coming back to me, she sat me in the chair and took off my pants. Then she wrapped one of the stockings around her hand and started stroking my cock.

"You said nylons are a turn-on for you," she murmured. "Well, how do these feel on your cock, honey?" I just leaned back and enjoyed it as she gave me an expert handjob. "Do you like the way this feels?" she went on. "Eight inches of cock and a whole leg's length of nylon. I'm going to make you come, sweetie. I'm going to rub this nylon up and down your cock, and I'm going to whisper how much I love your dick, and pretty soon you're going to shoot a load of come in my hand. I'm going to stroke you faster and faster and make you come all over these nylons."

"Oh Christ, that feels good," I told her. "Don't stop." She quickened the pace, and just as I was ready to come, she put the nylon over my cock and captured my entire load.

When I finished coming, she brought the nylon to her mouth and sucked on it. Then she started sucking on my dick with the nylon still in her mouth. The combination of her



mouth, the nylon, and the remnants of my come felt so great that I soon got hard again.

Over the next eight hours, I fucked Ellie's mouth, ass, and hot pussy over and over again. I fucked her on the chair, on the bed, against the door, on the floor, and in the bathroom. I soon lost count of how many times we came. On Friday night I called home to talk to my wife, and as I spoke to her I was standing completely naked, with Ellie on her knees in front of me, slowly sucking my cock. When I hung up, I told Ellie that Joanna would kill me if she knew I was getting head while I was talking to her. "Well, she'll never know," Ellie replied, "so let's fuck some more." And we did.

When we woke up late Saturday morning, we took a little break for a change, just lying in bed, talking, and dozing on and off. Around noon, we got hungry, so Ellie said she would call and order some Chinese food to be delivered.

Ellie was in the bathroom when the knock came at the door. I threw on a pair of shorts and answered it. I invited the delivery girl in and went to get some money. As she put the bags down on the dresser, I asked her how much it was.

"Eight," she said, then laughed. "Noteight dollars, Len, eight inches, please. I'm Jean, and I'm spending the rest of the weekend with you two."

Ellie came out of the bathroom with a big smile on her face. "This is my office manager," she told me. "She likes fucking, too."

I couldn't believe it. Jean was gorgeous. She was about five foot seven and 140 pounds, with a set of tits twice the size of Ellie's. She was younger, probably around my wife's age. She took off her jacket, revealing a short black dress. Then she came right up to me, bringing her face close to mine, while her hand dropped to the bulge in my shorts.

"I want to feel this thing that Ellie's been talking about," she said. She opened my shorts and let my cock spring out. "Oh my Lord, that is absolutely beautiful!" she said.

I took Jean's hand and led her to the bed, kissed her, and started to explore her body.

"Just lie back and let me enjoy this body," I said. Then I slowly worked my way around her legs, arms, and neck, not missing a spot of exposed skin. Finally I peeled off her dress and got a good look at her perfect figure. She was wearing a leopard-print bra and a matching thong.

"You are really beautiful," I told her, "and those are definitely come-fuck-me undies."

"You're right," she responded. "So come fuck me." First I peeled off her bra and gawked at her breasts.

"You have fantastic tits," I said. "I love big nipples. I love sucking them and biting them." I proceeded to do all of the above as I moved a hand into her panties, fingering her pussy.

"My God, Len," Jean panted, "Ellie's been talking about your cock for three months. Please stop fooling around and fuck me now!"

With that, I took off her panties and spread her legs. As the head of my cock parted her pussy lips, she put a hand in her mouth and bit down to keep herself from crying out.

Ellie, watching from the chair six feet away, gave a little chuckle. "Oh, hell," she said, "take that hand out of your mouth and scream all you want. I've been yelling for a day and a half, and once that thing gets in you, you are going to go crazy."

Jean spread her legs a little more as I slid gradually into her cunt. "You're so tight, Jean," I said. "I'll bet you've never had a cock like mine inside you."

"Damn right," Ellie said. "Fuck her good, Len, like you fucked me, and show her what it's all about."

Well, I did my best. It took a while to get all the way inside her, but once I did we developed a great rhythm. I began to pick up the pace, and she went nuts, yelling, "Fuck me, Len. Fuck me!" Then she said, "Oh Ellie, this is unbelievable! I have never been fucked this deep!" I kept fucking her, and I brought her to orgasm at least three times before I shot inside her. Afterward, she lay on the bed and said that it was the best fuck of her life.

That night I called my wife again, and this time I played with Jean's awesome tits as I spoke to Joanna, while Ellie sat in a chair playing with herself. After hanging up I spent the next three hours going crazy with Jean and her hot body. I fucked her in positions that she didn't know existed, and she cried out with pleasure with every stroke of my cock.

And the next morning, for several hours before I left for the airport, the three of us lay in bed and fucked and sucked one another in every way we could dream up. It was nearly noon when I grabbed my bag—which I had never even opened—kissed each of them good-bye, and rushed for the airport to catch my plane.

When I got home, my wife was waiting for me in bed in a romantic mood, with candles lit and wearing my favorite teddy. Fortunately, Joanna is so sexy that I can always get it up for her. I fucked her like a good husband, then fell into an exhausted sleep.—L.C., Tennessee



PENTHOUSE PICK

Remodeled Penthouse

The act of remodeling is as spiritual as it is physical in this tale of starting over, directed by Bud Lee. A young woman (Brooke Banner) has a unique way of getting over her husband's death—daily visits from his ghost for otherworldly sex. Their scene gets the discoff to a good start; Banner has soft, pillowy tits and a fine, fat pussy, and Van Damage, as the spectral stud who starts her mornings with a bang, does a hell of a job hitting it. I was also digging Samantha Sin, from the second her partner started licking her ass to the moment of the final money shot. The hands-down best scene features bohemian bad girl Jayme Langford, a pale, whip-thin redhead with the edgy eroticism of an alt-porn starlet, but little of the attendant baggage; she serves it up nicely, especially when Devon's puss is planted on her face. Some of the dialogue has the endearingly clumsy delivery that makes porn, well, porn, but when it comes to the fucking, these folks know what they're talking about.

Top: Brooke Banner and Van Damage. Right: Jayme Langford and Brooke Belle



**SHEARGENIUS***Close Shave***Penthouse Letters**

As far as I'm concerned, you haven't lived until you've dragged a razor across your genitals—or someone else's. Director Cash Markman infuses an act already steeped in left-field sensuality with a playfully arousing charm, while keeping his eye on the prize: raunchy sex. The two aspects meld well throughout. Eva Angelina looks incredibly hot getting her legs lathered by Tommy Gunn, and when you watch him drag a razor from thigh to ankle, you might just forget that there's some fucking coming, too. And I have to applaud the casting of Sarah Vandella, an attractive blonde who's a little thicker than your usual porn starlet. Guys with a taste for amazons who are round, curvy, and nasty when being stuffed full of cock will find a new fantasy object in her. (She's very vocal in her scene, with a really dirty mouth.) All told, this is an excellent choice for anyone with an appreciation of body shaving.

**I KISSED A GIRLFRIEND***My Secret Girlfriend***Penthouse Forum**

All-girl pornos are extremely hit or miss, as far as I'm concerned. Some of my favorites have featured 100 percent dyed-in-the-flannel dykes doing the deed as only they can, while some have left their mark despite the fact that they're peopled with actresses whose motivation for muff-diving is more monetary than anything else. With its running theme of clandestine girl love, *My Secret Girlfriend* is closer to the latter end of the spectrum. The five vignettes offer ten luscious lipstick lezzies to fine effect, like supersexy Jana Cova, who gets finger-banged and licked to orgasm by Sabrina Rose in the first scene. Priscilla Milan pairs with Roma in a nicely lit sapphic seduction. Later on, Sammie Rhodes works out on the exotic Charmane Star, who tells the story of the pair flirting with a lesbian lifestyle (and each other). The bonus features include a photo gallery, a selection of trailers, and my favorite scene from the excellent *Penthouse* production *Drive*.



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Top left: Sarah Vandella and Marcus London. Top right: Sammie Rhodes and Charmane Star



animal instincts

Dani and Isabella jump at a weekend in a rustic New England resort with their husbands, since they know the men will venture off into the woods and leave them behind to explore their wildest desires.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



After the long ride, Dani and Isabella can't wait to tear each other's clothes off and reveal the silky black lingerie ensembles they'd planned the night before.









The decor is out of a preppy, staid home-and-garden catalog, but they're happy to bypass the surprisingly roomy tubs, instead giving each other thorough and probing tongue baths.



A photograph of two women in a bedroom. One woman, with long blonde hair and dark makeup, is topless, leaning back with her arms raised. The other woman, with dark hair and makeup, is wearing a black thong and is positioned below her, with her legs raised and feet resting on the top woman's back. They are in a room with ornate, dark wood furniture, including a bed and a dresser. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting their skin and the texture of the wood.

As Dani and Isabella ravish each other's soft pink flesh, their moans of pleasure grow into a crescendo of passionate release. Not to worry ... their husbands are miles away by now.



The girls bring each other to climax over and over, until they collapse in a sweaty tangle of satisfaction. Then the sated pair makes a heartfelt pact to get out to the country more often.



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LETTERS TO PENTHOUSE XXXII

THE EDITORS OF PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE



LETTERS TO PENTHOUSE XXXII

KINKY SEX AND
NAUGHTY GAMES



THE EDITORS OF
PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

Available September 2008 wherever fine books are sold or order
online at barnesandnoble.com and amazon.com.

GettingLucky.com

A quick guide to online dating
By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



CREATE A WINNING ONLINE PERSONAL

Posting a superficial, uninformative online profile is the No. 1 mistake that most guys make. Eloquent writing is seductive, so try to be articulate when crafting your profile. First, write down your character strengths on a piece of paper, then create your online personality, weaving in as many of your positive traits as possible. Briefly mention your educational or professional background, your marital history, if any, and elaborate on your aspirations, hobbies, and goals. Here are a few important do's and don'ts:

DO be confident. No matter what your history, be accepting and proud of yourself.

DO display as much tasteful humor as you can, but stay away from crossing over into bitter sarcasm or cynicism.

DON'T conceal major baggage—kids, elderly parents, or other dependents—and don't complain about it. Instead, stress how much you love your family, and that you find the caretaker role to be very gratifying.

DO mention that you're a "romantic at heart." Being a romantic is one of those nebulous terms that just about everyone can use without lying.

DO reveal your lofty ambitions. Whether you want to plant a tree, climb Mount Everest, or find a cure for cancer, make sure to mention it in your profile. Such charitable aspirations as starting your own animal shelter will get you the most points.

DON'T be too picky when describing your ideal mate. Having a long wish list of characteristics for a mate can frighten off someone you may really like. It's better to get more responses and weed out the unacceptable prospects later on.

DO maintain an optimistic, positive outlook. Even if you have just gotten divorced for the tenth time, stating that you still believe in everlasting love will gain you major points.

DON'T use texting abbreviations or acronyms. Not everyone knows that

CRBT ATM means that you are crying really big tears at the moment.

DO use descriptive adjectives. Saying that you're an avid reader is more effective than mentioning that you love books.

DO run spell-check. You may not care if she can spell or not, as long as she is hot, but she is likely to be turned off if you spell like a first grader.

DO post a photo, no matter what you look like. Yes, women can be far less superficial than men when it comes to looks, but if you don't post any images, she may fear you look like Quasimodo. Plus, personal profiles with photos get up to nine times more responses than ones without.

DON'T tell too much too soon. A little mystery is better than a lengthy soap opera detailing everything you learned about yourself in psychoanalysis.

DO have fun writing your profile. It should be an easy, enjoyable read; not ten words, but not the length of a Dostoyevsky novel. If you enjoy writing it, chances are she'll have fun reading it.

■ CONTACT HER

Most guys pick out a potential date based on her photo. There's nothing wrong with that, as men are visual, and if you don't like her looks you probably won't like her. Once you find a photo that you like, read her profile carefully, highlighting those likes, dislikes, hobbies, and desires that are similar to yours. The more similarities, the better. Then highlight those similarities in your initial e-mail to her.

Another way to choose women online is to find out who has viewed your profile. If she's looked you up first, she'll be a lot more receptive to being contacted by you.

■ COMMUNICATE DIRECTLY

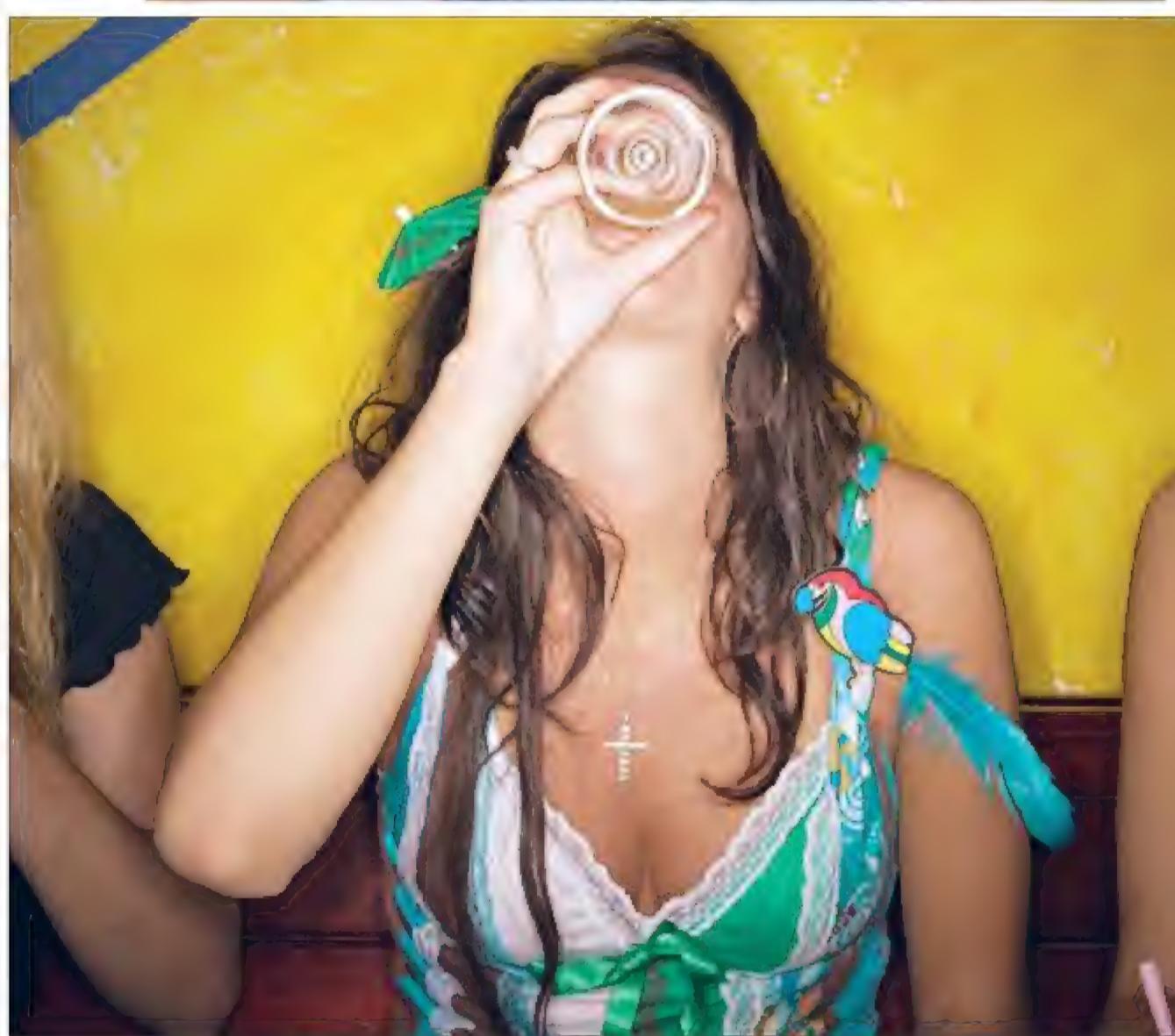
As quickly as you can, shift the conversation away from the structured dating-site communications system. Offer her your personal e-mail address or phone number, and see if she is willing to write or call you directly. If not, she may be too shy to be worth your while—or she may be concealing something you wouldn't like to hear.

■ ASK HER OUT

Resist the temptation to get caught up in an online love affair where each of you writes increasingly lengthy and intimate life histories. It's a waste of time. Inform her you cannot possibly tell if you are well-suited for each other until you look deeply into her eyes. After two or three reciprocated e-mails, suggest talking on the phone. If she's willing, set a time to call her—and call her on time! Most women's top pet peeve is guys who don't deliver on a promise to call.

After a few phone calls, during which you can tell if you enjoy talking to her and if she still sounds like a person worth getting to know, you can suggest a date at a public place. Eliminate the vague "let's get together sometime" by being firm and specific about a date. She wants you to be confident and masterful, so don't wimp out on this critical point.

For your first meeting, make it casual and informal—coffee, a gallery opening (if you are both into art), a walk in the park—anyplace where you can talk freely and be relaxed while sizing each other up. If she refuses to be pinned down for a meeting without a plausible excuse for more than a month, ditch her and move on. You don't have to settle for a cyber-girlfriend. There are plenty of flesh-and-blood women out there.



■ RED FLAGS

Photos posted on personals sites can be a Rorschach test of her personality. If she has one or more images with the telltale signs described below, be forewarned!

1. SHE'S WEDDED TO HER SOCIAL CIRCLE

If her photos all show her surrounded by girlfriends and/or family members,

chances are that she is not ready for any kind of intimate relationship. Unless you want to double-date with her mom or her 200-pound friend, stick with the women who are confident enough to pose by themselves.

2. SHE'S A PET FREAK

If she has a dog or cat in most of her photos, you can bet that she is an animal fancier—and be prepared for her to give more love to her kitty than to you. On the other hand, if you happen to have a pet like hers, you may be able to play a little doggie romance.

3. SHE'S NOT WHAT SHE SEEMS

If all her photos are tiny in size or were taken from far away so that her figure

If her photos show her swilling down drinks, she's likely to be a club-hopping, man-switching night owl.



or facial features are hard to make out, that's a sign she probably won't win any beauty contests. Indeed, you can reasonably expect her to be more than a few pounds overweight and a few ticks below plain in the looks department.

4. SHE'S A PARTY ANIMAL

If her photos all show her hanging out in clubs or with a drink in her hand, she is likely to be a club-hopping, man-switching night owl. If you want to swing with a nocturnal bird, be prepared for lots of hangovers and less-than-great sex, as too much alcohol inhibits sexual satisfaction. Otherwise, look for more sober and sensible prospects.

5. SHE'S A MALCONTENT

Her photos show her with men whose faces are blacked out, and her personal profile is replete with negatives like "I hate" or "I can't stand" and a litany of traits she won't tolerate in a man. This is a sign that she is either a man-hater or a woman with an overidealized fantasy of what a man should be. Unless you are Mr. Perfect or a sucker for abuse, look for someone who is a bit better adjusted.

6. SHE'S A WALLET DRAINER

If her pictures show her loaded with jewelry and designer garbs, and she lists "fine dining" or "shopping" as her hobby, you better have a big bank account before picking her as one of your targets. This one will take you on a pricey tour of five-star restaurants and expect you to provide her with pre-PMS retail therapy.

7. SHE'S A SENSATION SEEKER.

If her photos include images of her skydiving, bungee jumping, or scaling skyscrapers, she's a risk-taking daredevil who loves danger; don't be surprised if she is up for some adrenaline-raising sex, like hanging from the chandelier. Sensation seekers are notoriously unfaithful, though, so move on unless you don't mind being another notch on her bedpost.

ASK DR. Z

Mind Fucks

It's been three months since I broke up with my ex after I accidentally opened her e-mail and caught her setting up a date with the personal trainer from our gym. She staged a big scene after I confronted her, and she told me to move out. I am over her now and happy to be living alone and dating new chicks, but the only thing that bugs me is that I still think of her when I jerk off. Worse, sometimes I even get off imagining her being fucked by the trainer, which pisses me off after I come. I try to get that image out of my mind but it seems to be haunting me. How can I get the bitch out of my mind the way I got her out of my life?

Stop kidding yourself! First of all, I don't believe that you "accidentally" opened her e-mail—you snooped around because you suspected something and found the evidence you'd been seeking. Second, you are not really "over" the bitch—you just repressed your sexual desire for her, which results in you eroticizing her cuckolding you. Admitting that you are still lustful after her is the first step in getting over your obsession.

The next step is to stop repressing thoughts of her, because that only generates greater obsession. Instead, practice what is called "masturbatory reconditioning." When getting close to orgasm during masturbation, replace the image of your ex with any other image—*Penthouse* has lots of these. Just turn a few pages! Soon you'll be lustful after *Pets* instead of your unfaithful paramour. You can also practice masturbatory satiation: masturbate to orgasm, and continue masturbating during the refractory period for a prolonged time while reciting your fantasy with your ex aloud. The pain and boredom of prolonged masturbation without ejaculation should be enough to get your ex out of your fantasies and your life forever!

Sexy Shaving

My girlfriend and I are planning a tropical vacation and we want to try completely shaving off each other's pubic hair for that trip. Do you have any specific tips to make the shave as smooth as possible?

Begin by trimming your hair with clippers or scissors. Electric clippers are best for this purpose. Then take a long warm bath or shower, but just before applying shaving cream, rinse your pubes with cool water. Apply the shaving cream a few minutes before shaving to get those pubic hairs as soft as possible. Have at least two razor blades handy, as most genital hairs are very thick and the razor gets dull quickly. When shaving, stroke an area no more than twice to avoid skin irritation. On the first stroke, go with the grain to remove most of the hair, then go against the grain for a smooth, close shave.

You can use an aftershave, but if you don't have one handy, clean the area with rubbing alcohol or soap and water to reduce the risk of infection. To keep the area from getting irritated, apply talcum powder. Take turns shaving each other, then use your tongues to enjoy each other's silky-smooth genitals. 

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ROOMMATE REUNION

A few months ago, my girlfriend Danielle received a call from her college roommate Sandy, whom she hadn't seen in about five years. Sandy and another friend of Dani's, Lee, had gotten married, and they wanted to see her again and meet me. I've met most of Dani's current friends, but none from her college days. She said they were both from Trinidad, lived in a neighboring state, and that college with them had been a blast. She was really looking forward to a reunion, especially with Sandy. Hey, I'm all for a good time, so the first free weekend we had, we took the two-hour drive to their home.

When we arrived, they greeted us with a big round of hugs and kisses.

They were a great-looking couple: Lee was tall and dark-skinned with a shaved head, and Sandy was mocha-colored and petite with dreads that hung down to her cute little ass. They were going to grill steaks on the patio after we'd had drinks. Then Dani asked for a special brand of vodka and Sandy offered to drive to the store to get it. Sandy suggested I come along to help, since she also needed ice and her husband would be busy starting the grill.

We'd gone only a few blocks when I realized I'd left my cigarettes and wallet. We backtracked and I got out

of the car, saying I'd be right back. I went to the back of the house and was surprised to see the grill unattended. I went inside and there was no one in the living room or kitchen. Then I heard a familiar moan and crept toward the master bedroom. The door was ajar, and I peeked in, only to see Dani and Lee on the bed. Lee was plowing into her and she was moaning and arching up off the bed! How they'd gotten from being clothed to fucking in the five minutes we were gone was beyond me, but they appeared to be having the time of their lives.

I backed out of the house and told Sandy to be quiet and follow me. We eased back to the bedroom in time to hear them both in the throes of

Sandy grabbed my head and pulled me toward her. She held her screams, but shuddered in orgasm.

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passion. Dani was having an orgasm. I'd heard those screams many times. We watched as Lee pulled out, flipped her over, and entered her again from the rear. I could tell they were in a hurry—no time to waste. They had no idea they were being watched by two horny people.

The funny thing was that Sandy didn't look too surprised. Before they finished, she took my hand and led me to another bedroom. When she started to undress, I followed suit. She finished before me and helped me out of my shirt, then knelt down and took my throbbing cock in her mouth. After a few minutes of sweet torture, I swung her into my arms and carried her to the bed. I pushed her back and started eating her out. We could still hear lustful sounds from the other bedroom and there had been at least two more orgasmic screams from Dani, all of which heightened our passion.

Then Sandy grabbed my head and pulled me toward her with a force I'd never have expected from such a small woman. She held her screams, but shuddered in orgasm. I barely gave her a chance to recover before I slid over her. My dick was about to burst, and I took several deep breaths before slowly pushing into her. I hadn't fucked another woman since I'd been with Dani and the whole thing was exciting enough, but Sandy was tight. I didn't move for a couple of seconds, but then Sandy flexed her inner muscles and I knew I had to get moving or I was going to come before either of us had any fun.

I took us both on a slow and rhythmic ride. Somewhere in the ecstasy I heard a small noise and knew we were being watched. Then someone closed the door. Moments later, there was more noise from next door, and I knew Dani was getting another ride. It was all too much, and on the next stroke, I told Sandy I was coming and shot her full of cream.

I collapsed, rolled her on top of me, and kissed her. We kept kissing and fondling each other until we were ready for round two. Sandy stayed on top and took me on a wild ride of varying speeds. She came twice before I pulled out and fucked her doggie-style.

When we were both spent, I said, "Sandy, I really didn't expect any of



this. I mean, it's totally out of character for both of us."

And Sandy said, "Steve, this is actually kind of funny—I'm not Sandy; I'm Lee, as in Leanne. My husband, the guy fucking your wife—he's Sandy."

Then it hit me—the reunion Dani had been after was with *Sandy*! He had been her roommate. I'd just assumed Sandy was a girl. But it was all good. Dani got a three-day reunion with Sandy, while I got to know Lee inside and out. Everyone had a good time, and before we left, we invited Sandy and Lee to spend some time with us.—S.T., North Carolina

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

It had been two years since my neighbor's daughter Jamie left to work overseas. She had come home on vacation while her parents were

As I lapped at her slit, Ron pulled me up on my knees and began giving me one of the best fucks of my life.

away visiting her brother at college. Jamie had no idea I was divorced when she and her boyfriend invited me over for a barbecue.

Jamie is in her mid-twenties—about ten years younger than I am—and still looks the same as she did in high school. One thing I remember about her is that she always had the best-looking boyfriends, and her current squeeze was no exception.

When I joined them on the patio deck that evening, I tried not to stare at Ron, but his sculpted features and physique instantly filled my mind with naked images of him. All evening I couldn't tear my eyes away from him. I was seeing someone, but not on a regular basis, and while my trusty vibrator was keeping me from climbing the walls, I really missed having my pussy eaten out. Why shouldn't I visualize sitting on Ron's face? The more drinks I had, the more exciting thoughts I had of Ron.

Then Jamie said she wanted to show me something really amazing

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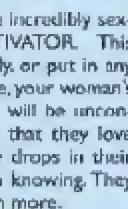
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and began rubbing Ron's cock through his shorts. As I watched, his bulge grew bigger and bigger, and when she pulled down his shorts, she freed something magnificent.

"Can you imagine having this monster inside your pussy and ass?" Jamie asked as she stroked the full length of Ron's shaft.

I should have been shocked, but after the X-rated thoughts I'd been having, what I wanted to tell her was that I'd rather find out firsthand than just imagine—but I didn't have to when Jamie said she'd love to watch Ron fuck me. I'd never had anyone watch me have sex, but my libido—and seeing Ron's big dick up close and personal—decided for me.

"Well, if you don't mind, I certainly don't," I said, and we all went inside.

As Ron and I undressed, I kept my eyes glued to him. All the while, Ron kept telling me that I was every bit as beautiful as Jamie had said, and the first thing he wanted to do was taste my pussy. Just hearing him say that had me creaming! It hadn't even occurred to me to ask Jamie how she knew what I looked like naked—until Jamie said she wanted to taste me first. That's when I turned and saw that she, too, had removed her clothes.

There was no way I had seen that coming! I'm sure it was the expression on my face that made her confess that while she was in high school, she'd often watched me undressing from her window and wondered what it would be like to lick my pussy. Then Jamie was naked on the bed, and instead of sitting on Ron's face, I was on Jamie's, enjoying the pleasure of her skillful tongue. She went straight for my clit, licking it with hard, fast strokes, sometimes just sucking my labia. I hadn't felt such pleasure for so long, and ground my quivering pussy against her lips. In no time, I tensed up and flooded her mouth.

I had never eaten pussy before, but Jamie had made me feel so good, I wanted to return the favor. I made her lie back, and moved between her legs. Then I started licking and sucking every inch of her cunt.

As I lapped at her slit, Ron pulled me up on my knees, buried his big cock inside me, and began giving me one of the best fucks of my life. Each time he stroked into me, I plunged my tongue deeper into Jamie's wet

hole, pushing harder and faster as the pressure built. Just when I felt Ron moan and give one final thrust, Jamie trembled under my lips and an orgasm ripped through my body.

Then it was Ron's turn to go down on me, and while he did, Jamie kissed me and pulled on my nipples, heightening my pleasure even more. We enjoyed one another for the remainder of the weekend, and while I'm back to masturbating again, now I'm eager to explore similar experiences. I'll always be grateful to Jamie and Ron.—M.W., Minnesota

His tongue moves along my inner thighs, making me wet. I grip the headboard as my body squirms in anticipation.

WELCOME HOME

One of my favorite fantasies is where I'm lying in bed wearing nothing but the barest of thongs, anxiously waiting for my man to come home from his tour overseas. The first thing he does when he sees me is tell me how much he's missed me and to close my eyes and hold on to the brass headboard. I know what's coming and I can hardly wait for him to touch me. I do what he wants and listen to him undress. Then I feel his hands wandering over my body as his lips roam from my mouth to my neck, over my breasts and down my stomach. He slowly pulls my thong down with his teeth as his fingers trail along my legs. His tongue moves along my inner thighs, teasing me and making me wet.

I grip the headboard as my body squirms in anticipation. Finally, I feel a faint touch—a brief flick of his tongue against my clit. Instinctively, my hips



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rise from the bed, eager for more. I moan with pleasure as his tongue glides over my folds, delving into my core. Then it begins—his tongue thrusting in and out of my juicy cunt. The sensation is more than I can stand, and I'm going to come. He places his hands under my ass and pulls me tighter to his driving tongue. My thighs tighten around his head and, seconds later, I cry out and shudder with blessed release.

After my climax, he moves slowly up my body and kisses me deeply. We look at each other for a long while. Then I tell him how much I've missed him and how many times I've imagined what our first time would be like when he came home. Now it's his turn, and I'm going to enjoy showing him what he's missed. I roll on top of him, take his earlobe between my teeth and tug gently while I slowly massage his cock. He's incredibly hard, and my hand becomes slick with his pre-come. I know what he wants, and I slowly kiss my way down his chest. His hands tangle in my hair, and I give him one last look before I wet my lips and roll my tongue over the tip of his cock. Hearing him gasp and thrust his dick toward my mouth spurs me on. I drag

my lips down his shaft, and when I reach his balls, I suck one then the other into my mouth, savoring the smooth texture.

But this is about his pleasure, and I refocus my attention on his cock. I take him in, gradually moving faster, watching him become more excited each time I deep-throat him. Just when I think he's going to explode, he pulls me up and tells me to ride him. I lower myself onto his shaft and start my wild ride. We're at the point where we both want it hard and fast now, and he grips my ass, thrusting into me, giving me extra pleasure.

Then he rolls me over. I wrap my arms and legs around him, and his next three thrusts are hard and deep and drive me over the edge. My muscles tense up and I feel him pulse into me, joining me in orgasmic bliss.

I still have another three months before I actually see him again, but I

hope this time he'll be home for good.—K.J., Pennsylvania

THE ULTIMATUM

"It's not that I want a divorce," my wife said seductively, as I slid my dick into her pussy. "I just need to make a few changes in our lives, in the way we handle certain stuff." I thought it was a strange time to begin a conversation about modifying our marriage, making changes and "stuff," but, as it turned out, it was the perfect time to have an open discussion about what she wanted.

"I want us to sign a contract," she explained in a businesslike tone as I began to move in and out of her, my breathing increasing with my pace. I waited for her to continue. "I'm willing to trade what you want for what I require," she said in a voice husky enough to let me know, in no uncertain terms, that she was very aroused but also quite serious.

"I know you'd like me to be more available," Chloe explained with a sly grin, "more aggressive and willing to try new things. If you give me what I want, I promise to be ready to fuck anytime and anywhere you want."

"And what is it you want in return for all this?" I asked as I stopped

I stopped moving and held myself motionless inside her. Her muscles flexed around my cock.

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moving and held myself motionless inside her. Her muscles flexed around my cock as I spoke, then she put her mouth close to my ear.

"I want to fuck other men," she whispered, letting her seductive voice emphasize her point. "I want to have lots of lovers and I want to be able to fuck who I want, when and where I want." She waited for my reaction; when I didn't say anything, she added, "And I want to have group sex and tell you everything about my lovers."

"You want us to have a totally open marriage?" I asked.

"Yes and no," she said. "I will suck you off or fuck you anywhere and anytime for as long as you want. But I don't want you fucking other women. I couldn't handle that. I know it's not fair, but those are my terms. Take it or leave it—accept it or lose me."

We looked at each other for nearly three minutes, then I nodded. "It's not fair," I said, "but I understand."

"If you can't agree to those terms, sweetheart," she whispered in that same serious tone, "then maybe we do need to get a divorce so you can find a woman who will be faithful, or who will allow you the kind of freedom I want, so you can fuck other women. Maybe that would be best. I don't want to hurt you." I gave her a soft kiss.

"You know I love you," Chloe said. "But do you love me enough to let me fuck other men?" she asked.

"So much that I'll agree to your terms," I said, pleased with my response. How could she know she'd just asked for something I'd always wanted? Whenever I was somewhere private with a magazine, I'd fantasize about her doing lots of different guys. Actually, I'd been imagining her with a stable full of lovers for years, but I never felt confident enough to reveal the truth to her. Many of those scenarios flashed through my mind as I looked at her, feeling my dick get even harder inside her. I'd often picture her in sexually explicit photo layouts, substituting the women in the spreads with images of my wife, or I'd read stories about infidelity and pretend it was Chloe fucking a stranger in the dark shadows of a club or the back of a car.

"Could you listen to me describe how I had been fucked by some guy and how his cock felt inside me without getting jealous?" she asked.

"I think so," I said.

"You have to be sure," she warned, as her pussy flexed and gripped my penis like a fist. "We can't possibly go forward if you have any doubts at all."

"Try me," I said with a push of my hips. "Tell me everything you want to do with other guys and who you'd like to fuck. Pretend my cock belongs to someone else and tell me whose you'd like it to be."

"First, I'd call up three of your best friends," she said, smiling, "then I'd fuck each one of them, one right after the other, right in front of you. I'd blow each one of them and swallow their loads, then smile up at you with their cream on my chin. Then I'd take one in my pussy, one in my ass, and I'd suck one off. Later, I'd make you take me to a club, then I'd seduce the best-looking guy in the place right in front of his wife, and I'd give him my panties and fuck him in the booth next to her. Then I'd bring them both home and I'd eat out the wife while her husband

fucks me doggie-style on the bed. And that's just for starters," she added with a chuckle.

"Whose cock would you like inside of you?" I asked.

"Every one of your friends," she cooed, "Jason, Don, and Jerry, for openers." We fucked for a few minutes without talking, and I picked up the pace. Then I slowed down again, and she held me still against her hips and asked, "Can you deal with this?"

I muttered that I could, then she kissed me and began to buck her hips. "When do you want to start?" I asked after we both climaxed.

"Tonight," she said. "I want to fuck one of those three immediately after we finish here." I nodded, then she lifted her leg and moved up until her wet pussy was over my mouth. "Eat my pussy and then I'm going to go borrow a cup of sugar from Jason across the street," she said with a grin. I quickly put my mouth over her and began moving my tongue back and forth against her clit until her heat began to rise again.

"Go get him," I said, happily.—S.D., via the Internet

I'd read stories about infidelity and pretend it was Chloe fucking a stranger in the dark shadows of a club.

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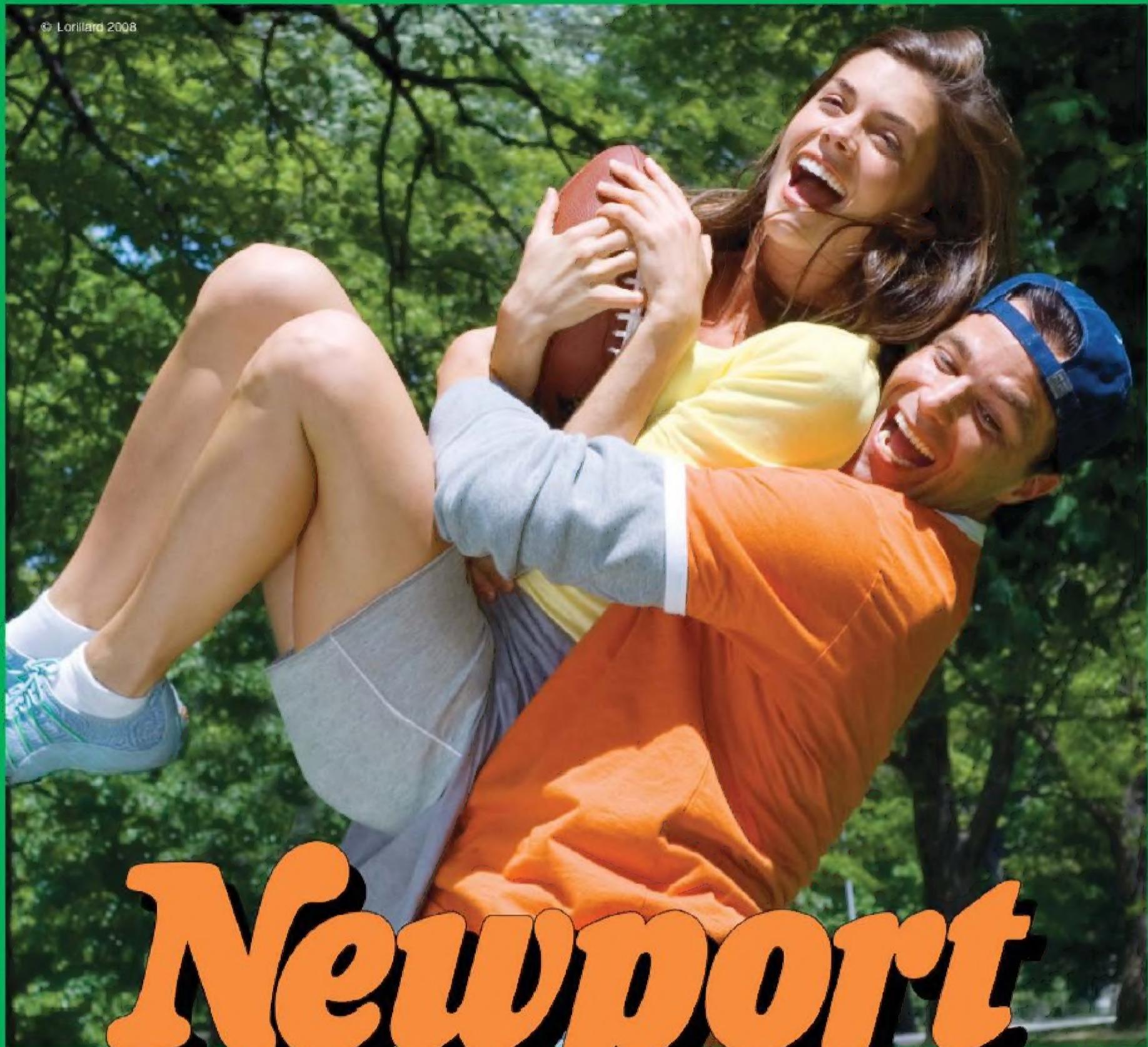
Fall cold snaps be damned. Things around here are hotter than ever. Next month we'll be snuggling up to the ample assets of Pet of the Month Audrey Bitoni and wild New Yorker Jennifer Avelon. Then things get even steamier when Sandra Shine and Judy Nero rev each other's engines. Plus, we're flushed with excitement at the return of our superhot 2007 Pet of the Year,

Heather Vandeven, who lets us watch as she gets to know her new friend Devon. You've come to depend on us for a monthly dose of the sexiest girls around, and we will not disappoint. See for yourself in our November issue. **ON**

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